





岸本斉史

Naruto's already at volume 24! In volume 24 of *Dragon Ball\**, Goku was about to fight Ginyu. It was so awesome, I was way too hyper reading it... I gotta make *Naruto* more exciting!!

-Masashi Kishimoto, 2004

(\* Vol. 24 of *Dragon Ball* was released as Vol. 8 of *Dragon Ball Z* in the U.S. – Ed.)

Author/artist Masashi Kishimoto was born in 1974 in rural Okayama Prefecture, Japan. After spending time in art college, he won the Hop Step Award for new manga artists with his manga Karakuri (Mechanism). Kishimoto decided to base his next story on traditional Japanese culture. His first version of Naruto, drawn in 1997, was a one-shot story about fox spirits; his final version, which debuted in Weekly Shonen Jump in 1999, quickly became the most popular ninja manga in Japan.



## NARUTO VOL. 24 The SHONEN JUMP Manga Edition

STORY AND ART BY MASASHI KISHIMOTO

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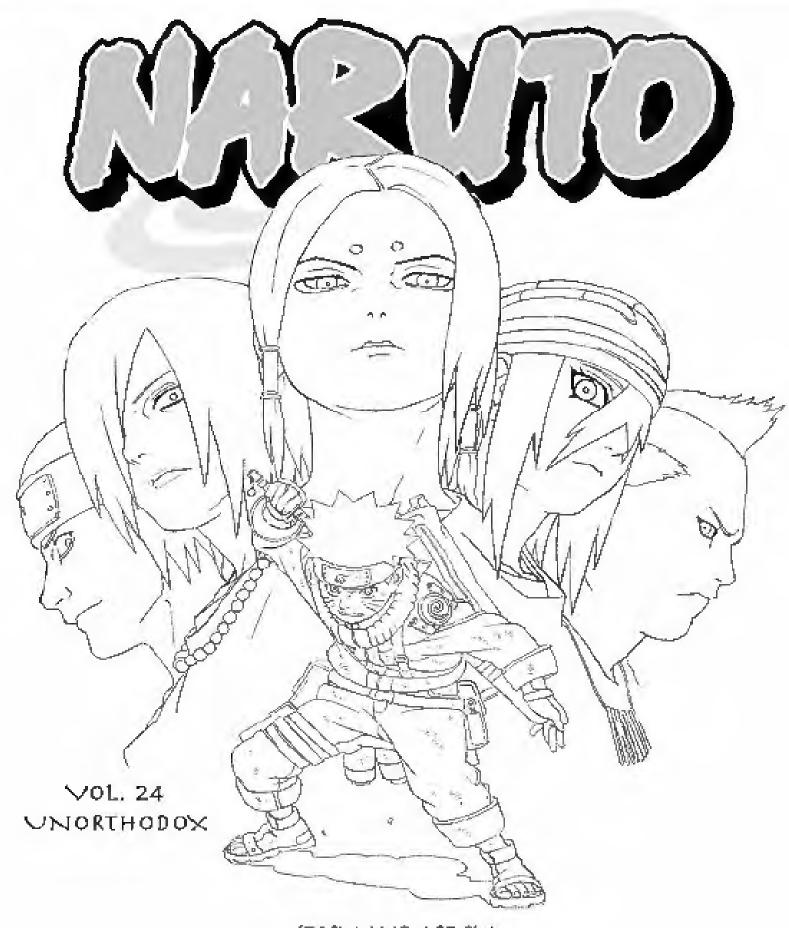


PARENTAL ADVISORY

NARUTO is rested T for Teen and its recommended for ages 13 and up. This volume castains realistic and fantasy violence.

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STORY AND ART BY
MASASHI KISHIMOTO













Naruto was once the bane of the Konohagakure Ninja Academy. Despite the rough start, he and his friends Sasuke and Sakura successfully join the ranks of the ninja. But during the final tournament of the Third Chunin Exam, the nefarious Orochimaru launches Operation Destroy Konoha, during which the Third Hokage sacrifices his own life.

In the aftermath, Tsunade steps up to become the Fifth Hokage. Charmed by the power of Orochimaru, Sasuke joins up with the Sound Ninja Four. During a battle with the Sound Four, Choji and Neji both fall, but Naruto, Shikamaru and Kiba are still standing...





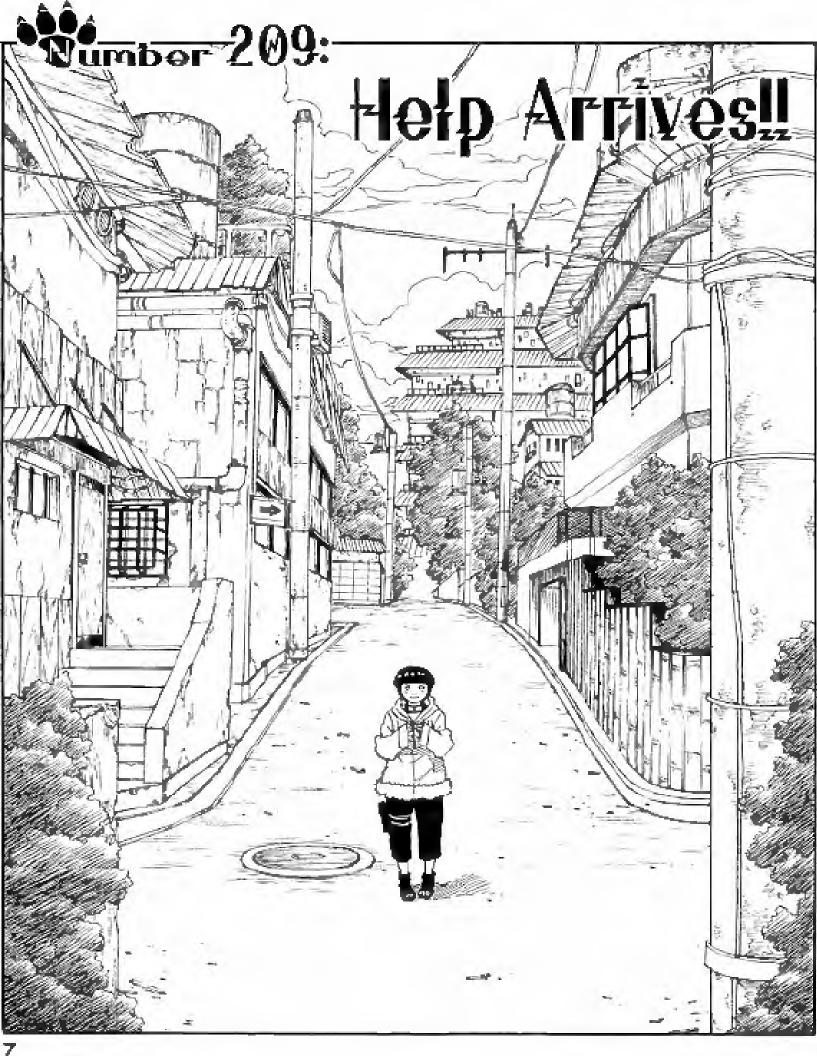
## NARUTO

VOL. 24 UNORTHODOX

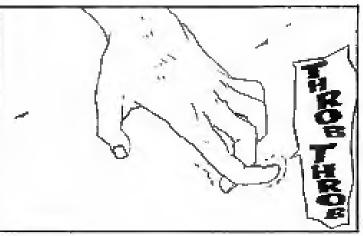
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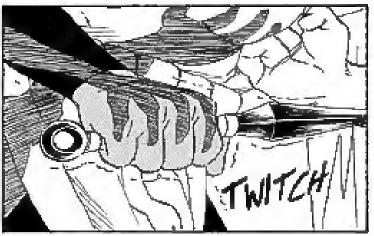


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THEN AGAIN,
DO YOU
REALLY FIT
THE
DEFINITION...?
NAM, GUESS
NOT.

SEE, IT'S AGAINST MY CODE TO STRIKE A LADY,



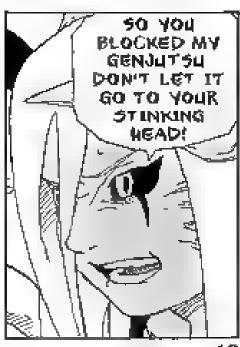










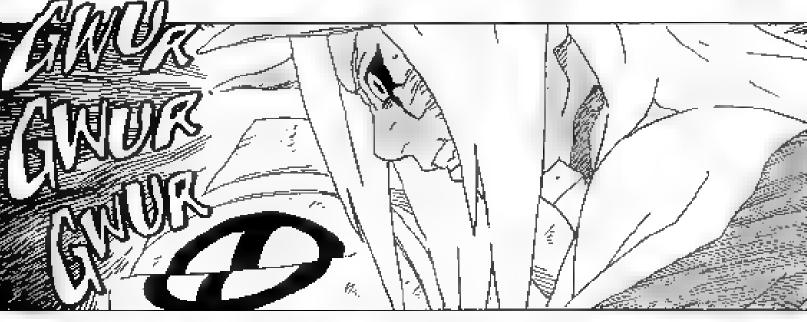










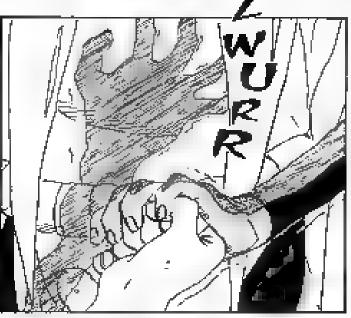








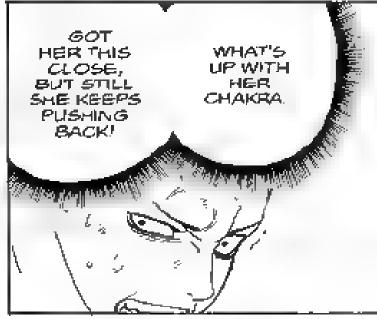




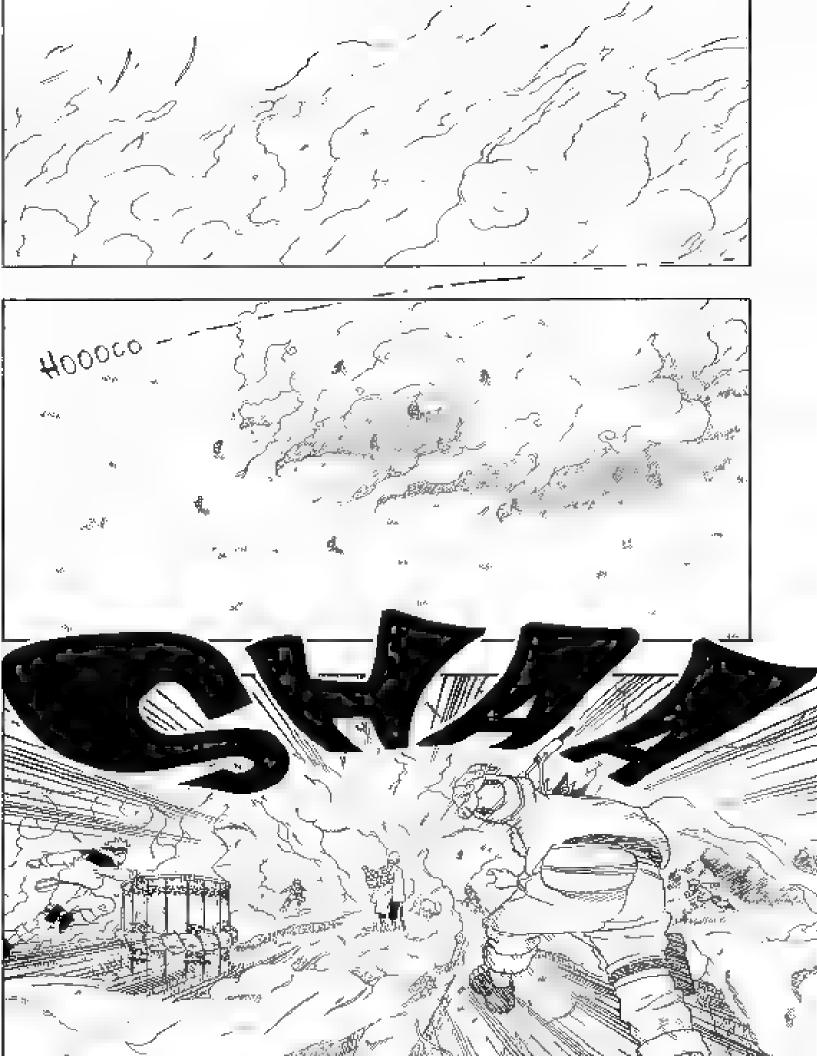






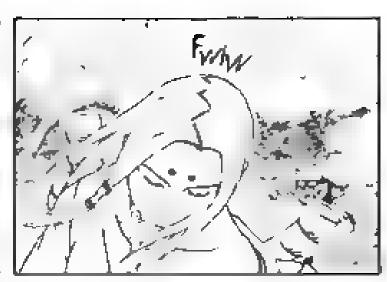












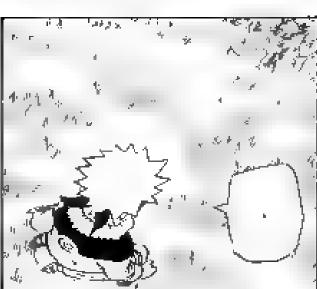


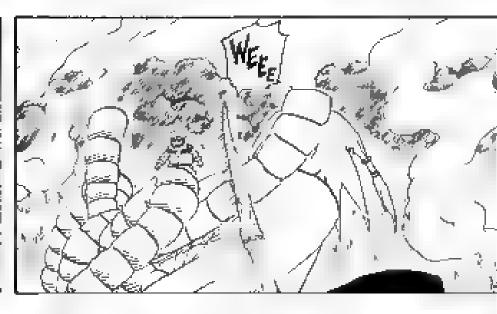












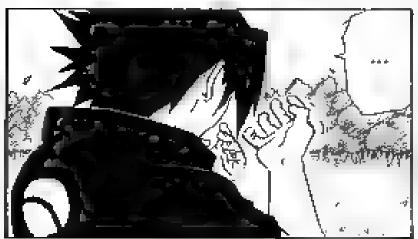


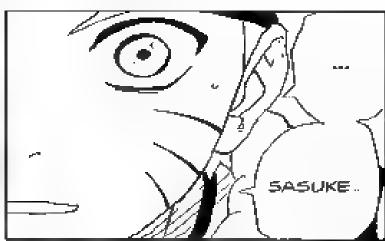


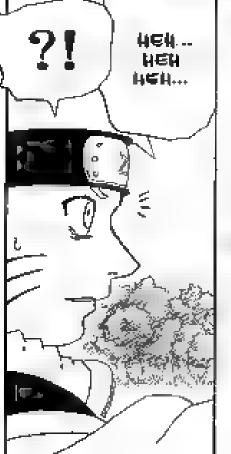






















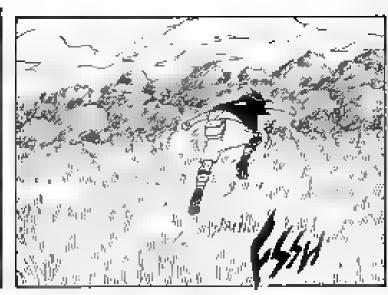


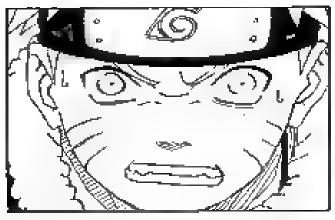


I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!!





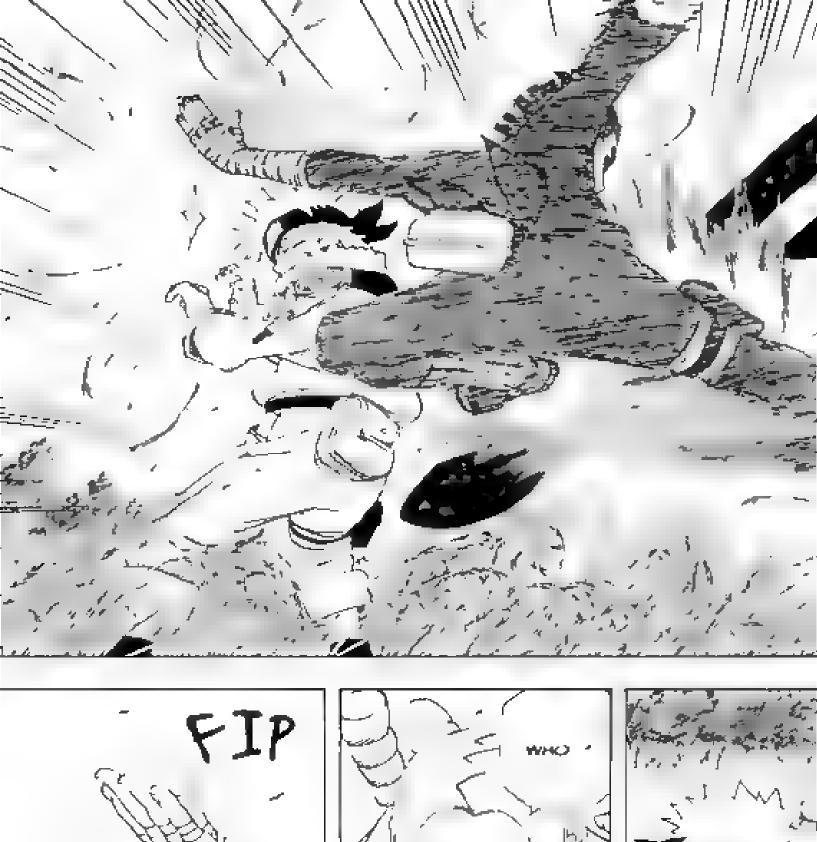
















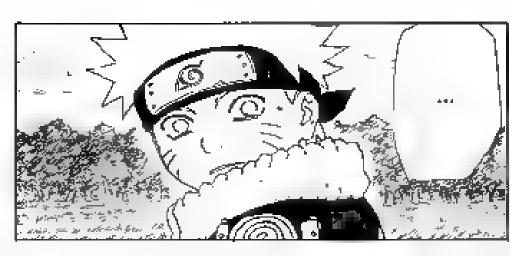






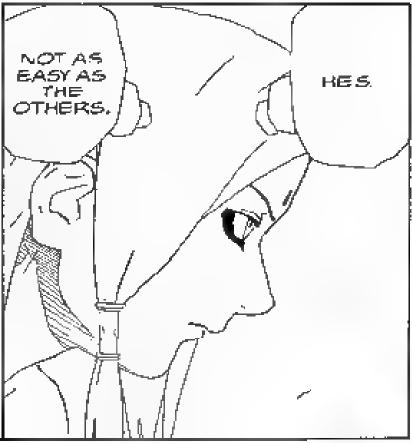






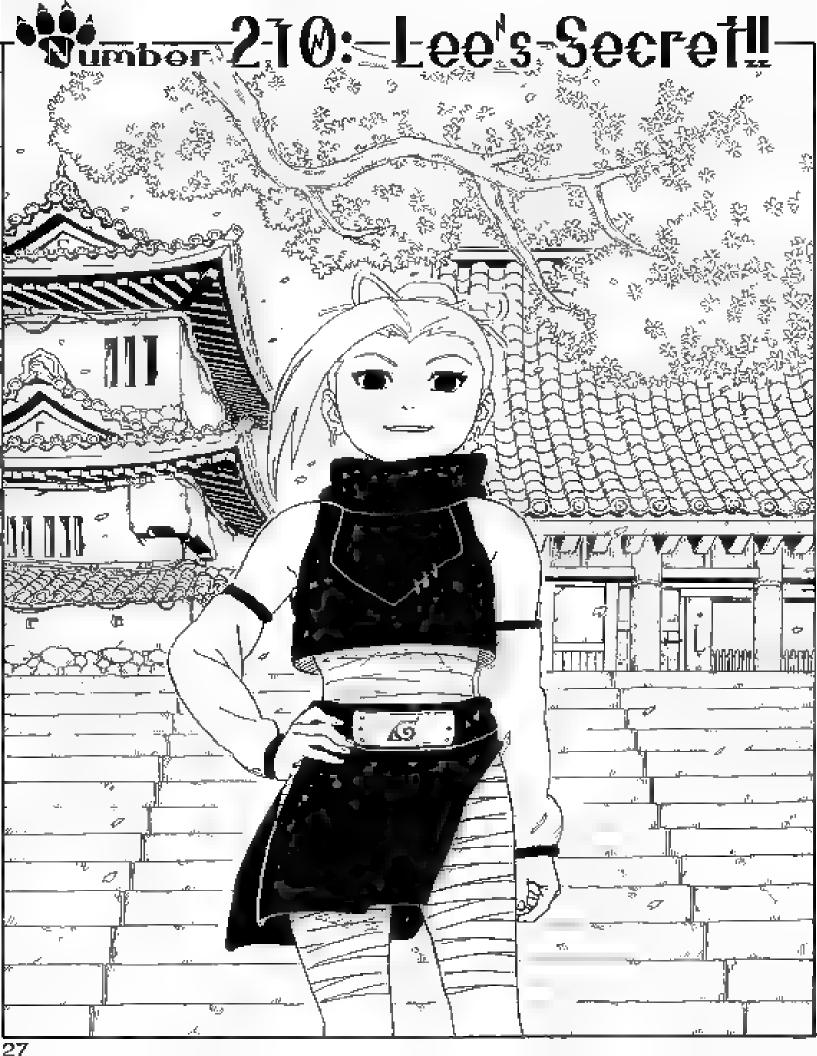










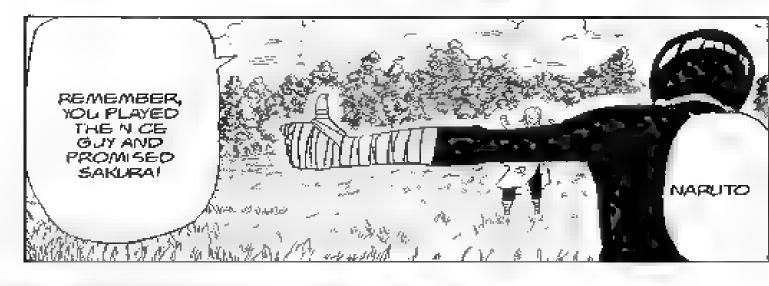














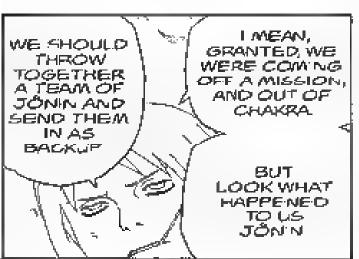










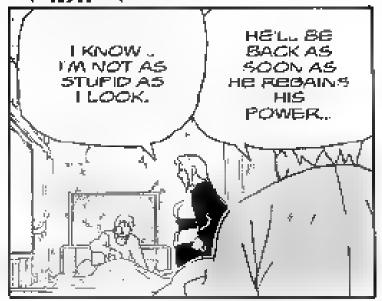








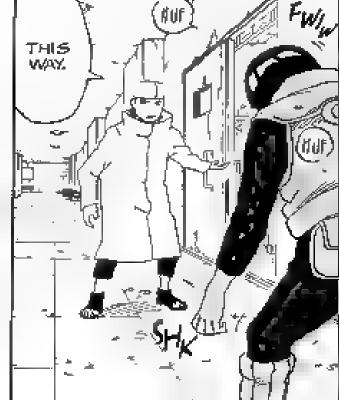








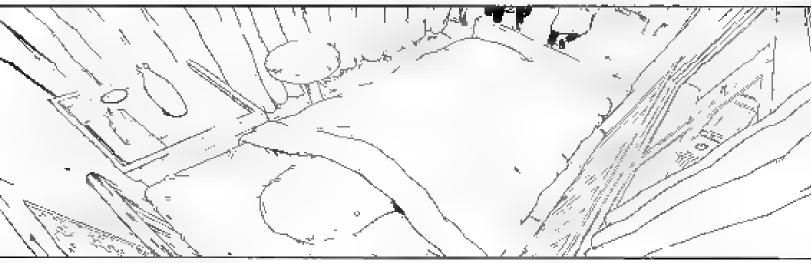




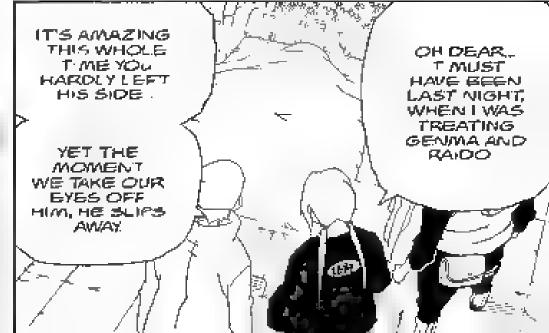


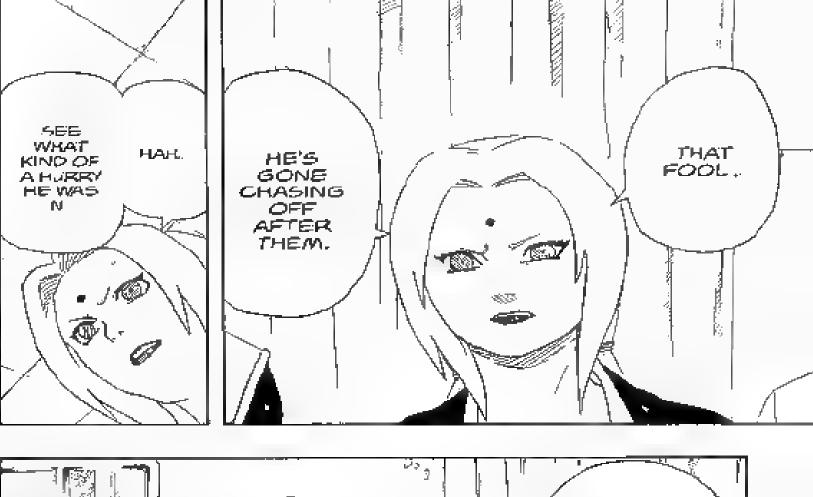


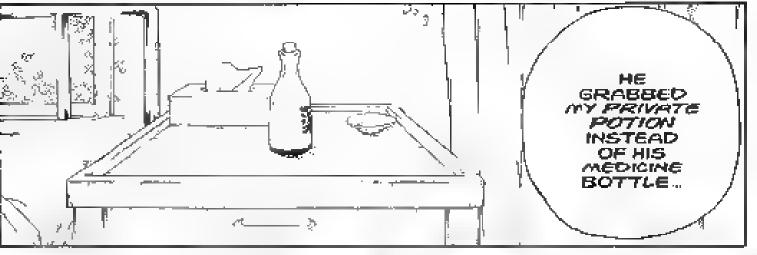


















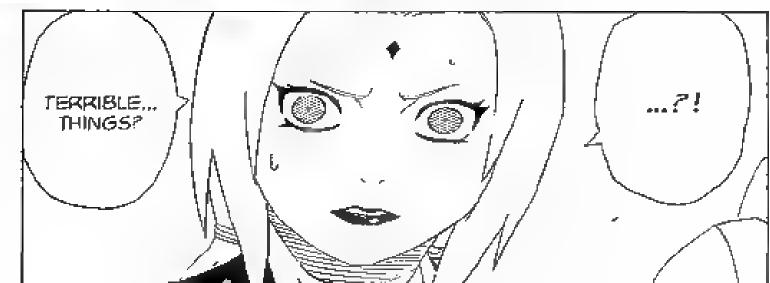










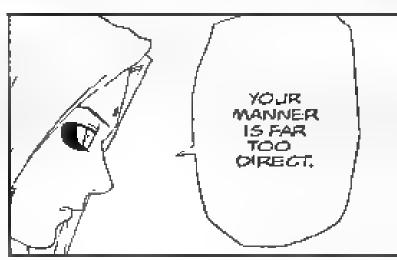




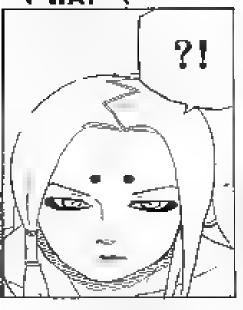










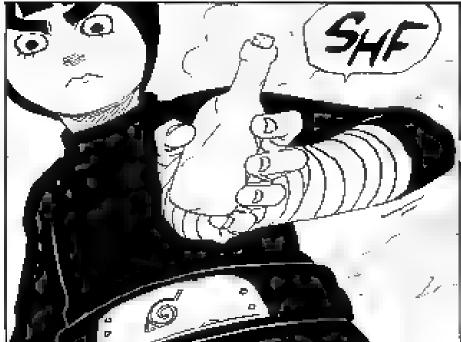




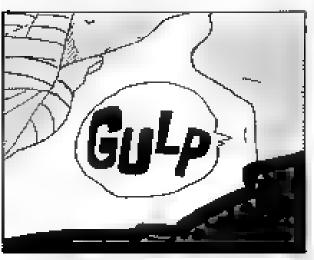














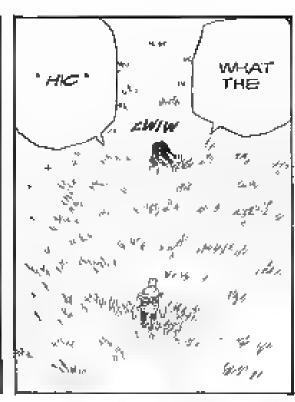


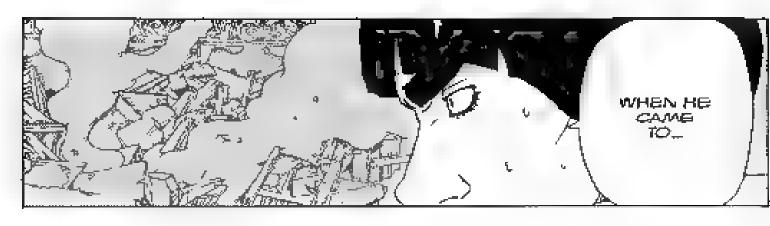














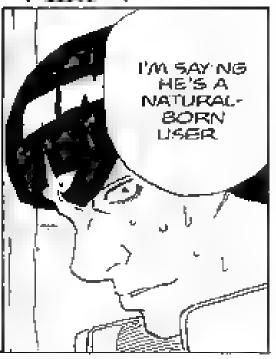


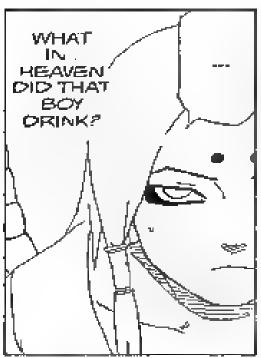


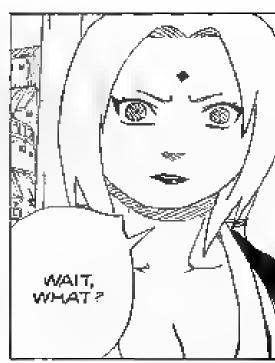








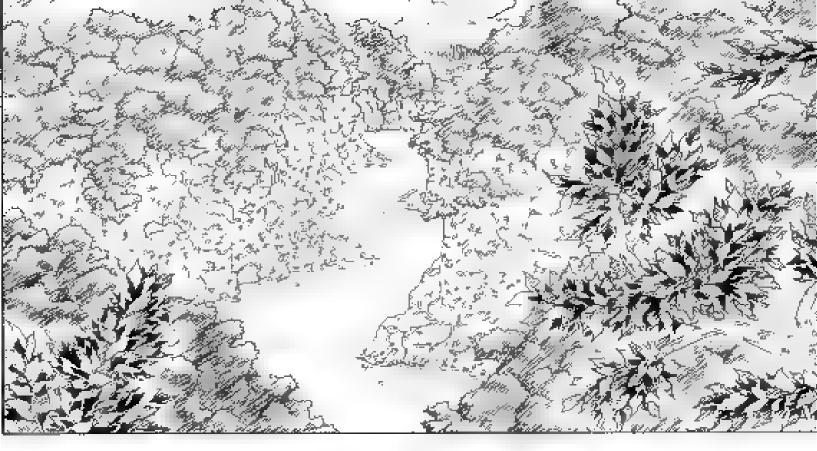




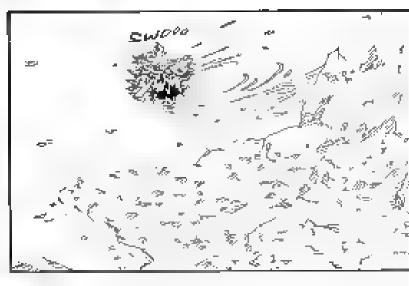


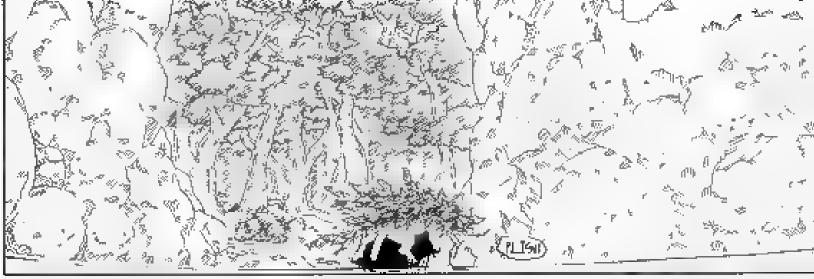




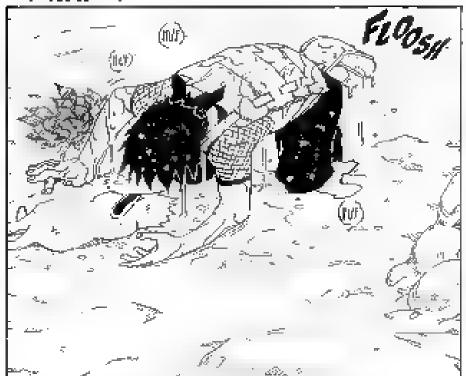




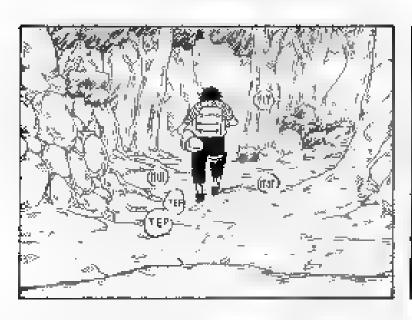




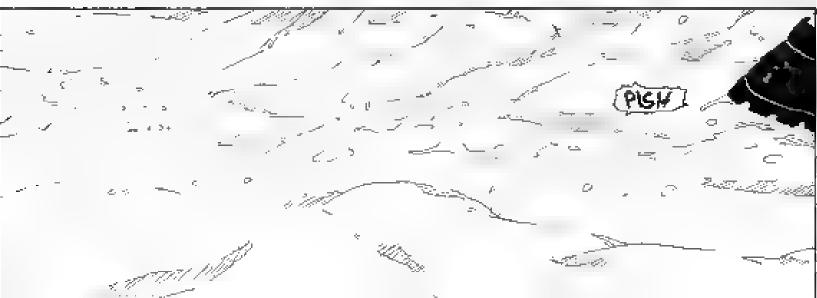












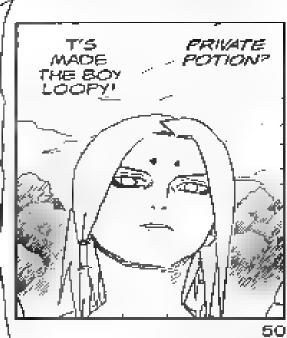








HYEER I COM-MAH!!



















PEFF

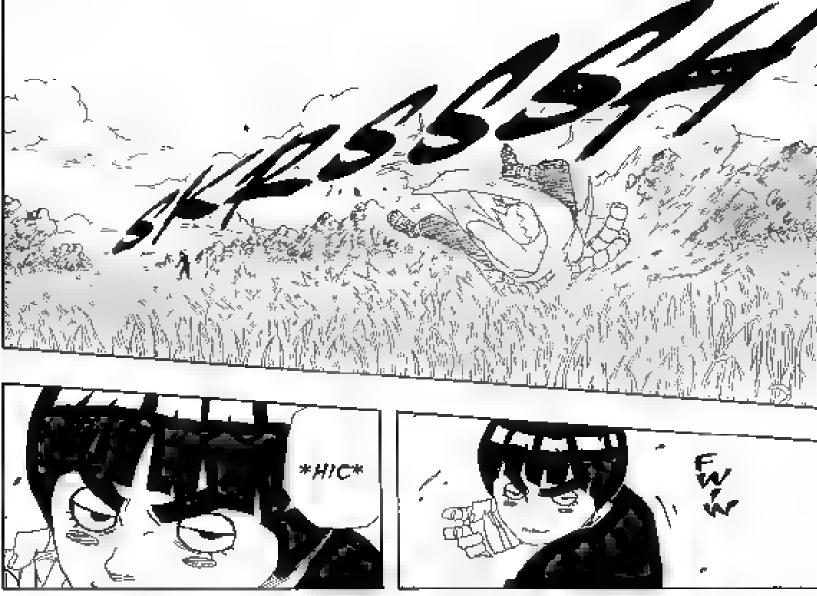




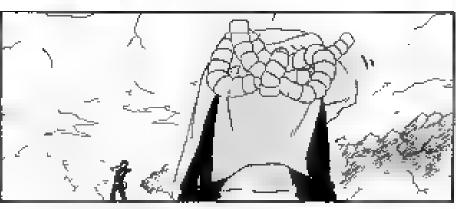


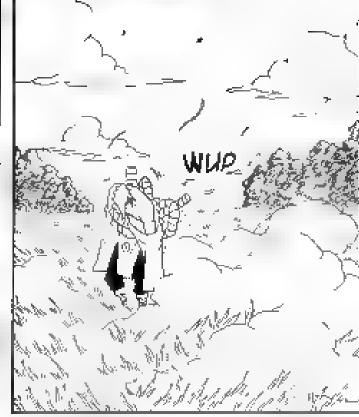




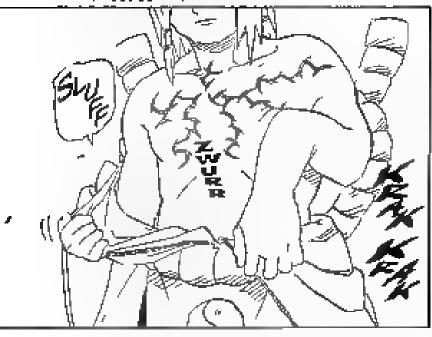




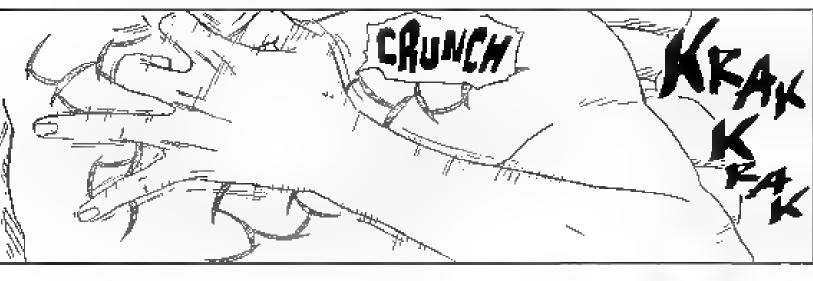
























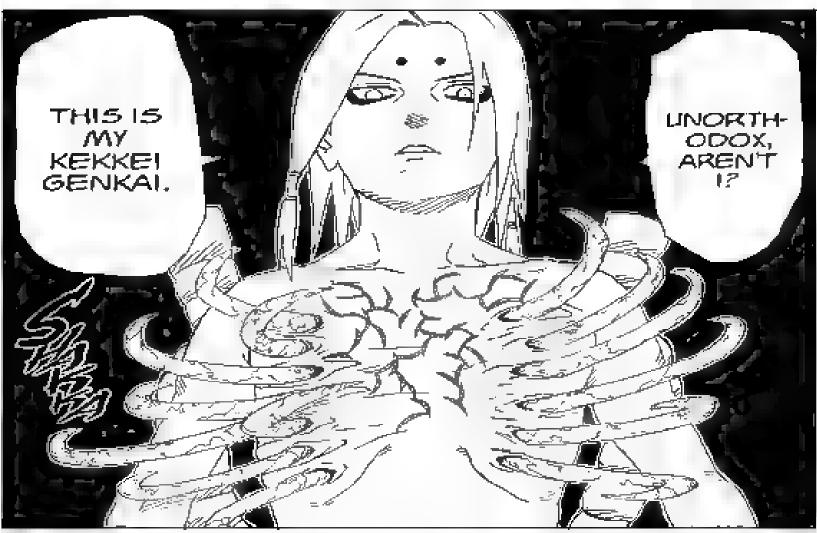














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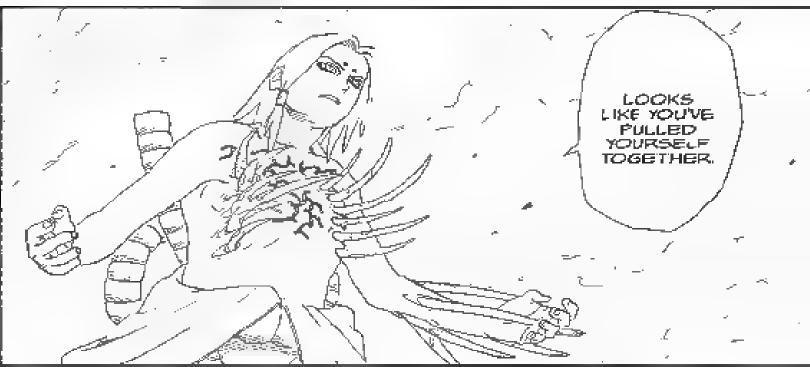
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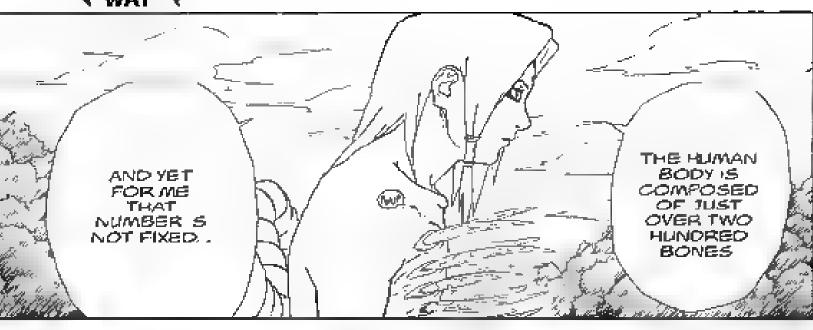






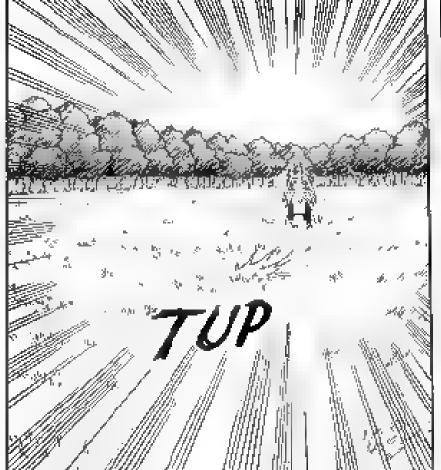










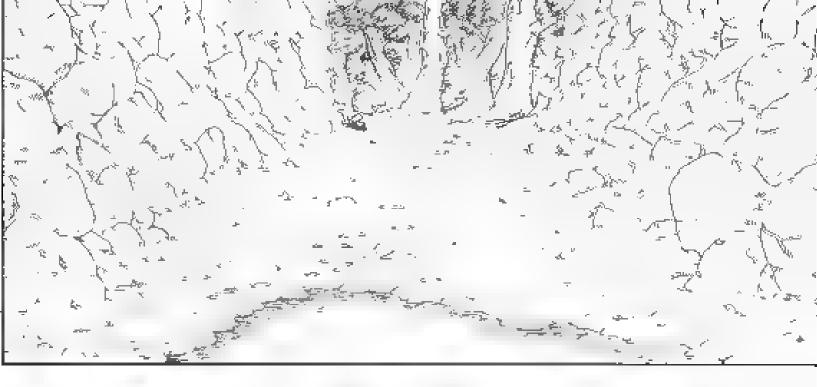










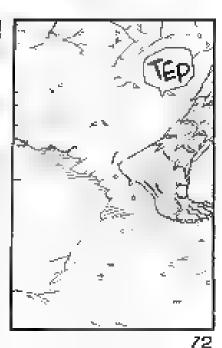




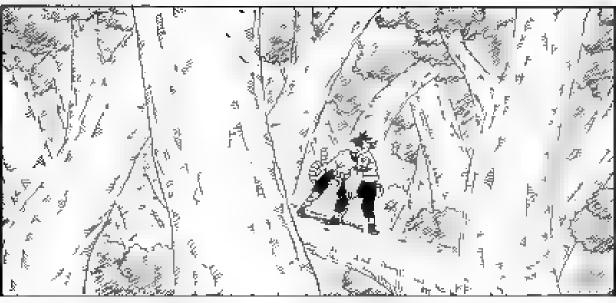


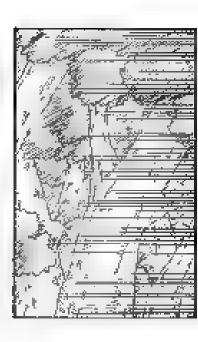








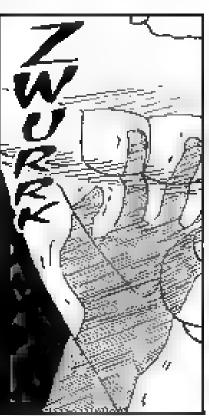




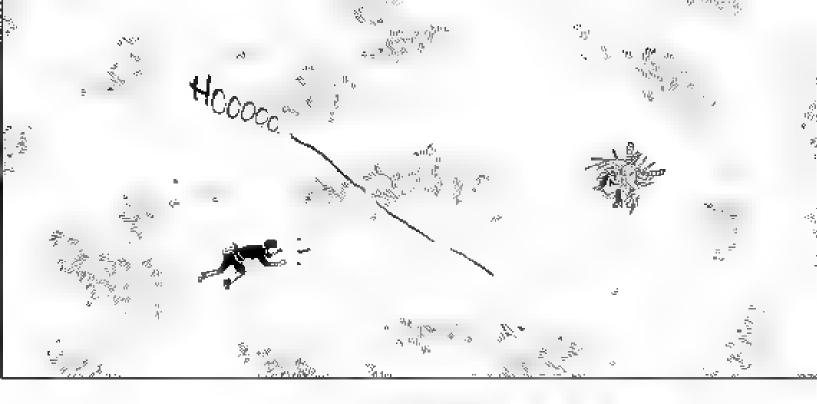




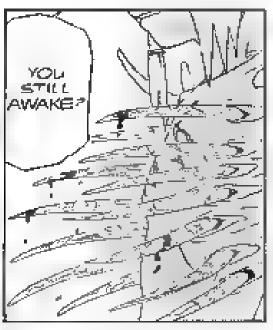








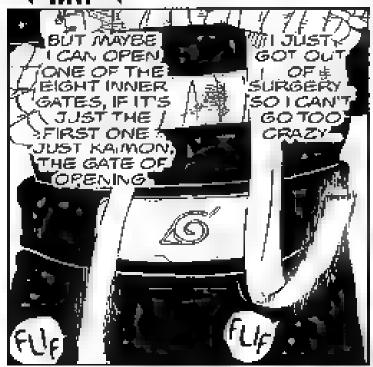




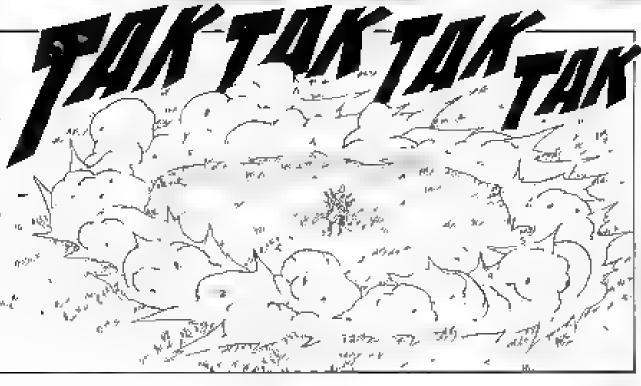








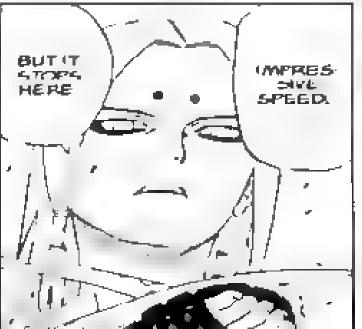


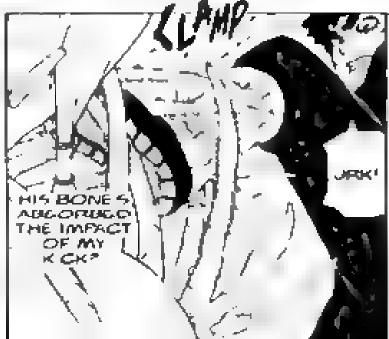








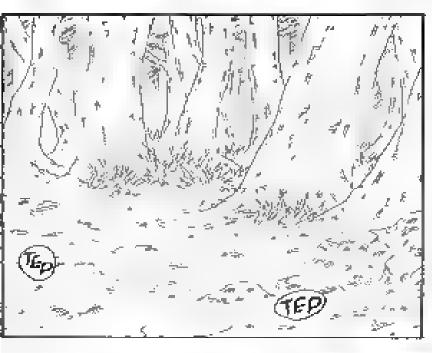


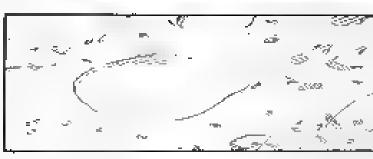




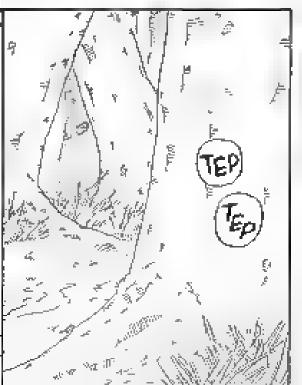




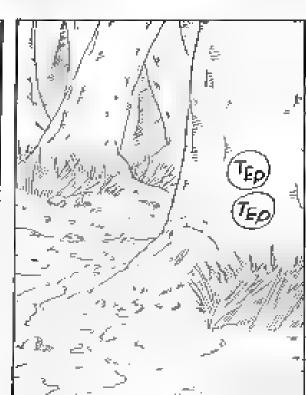


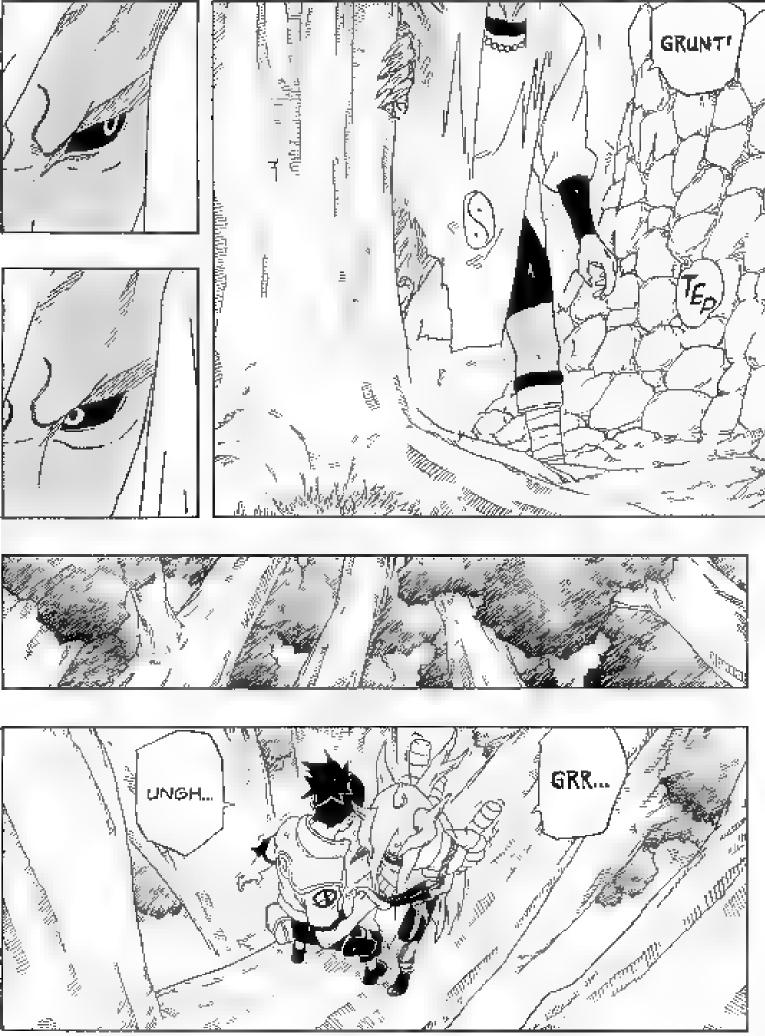






































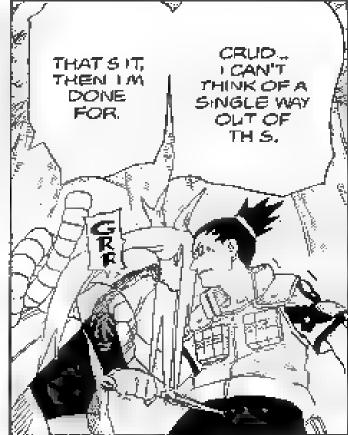






WIPE THAT SMIRK OFF YOUR FACE!



























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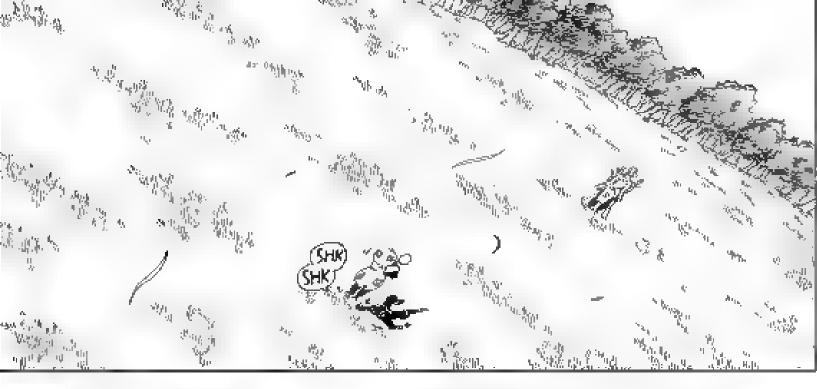












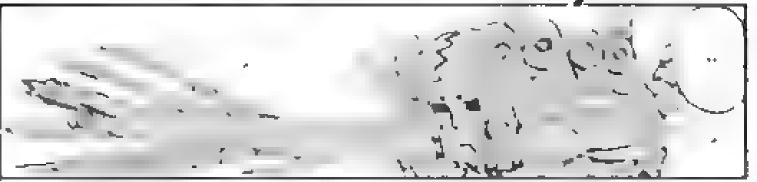


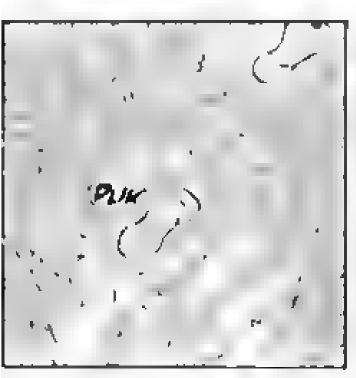


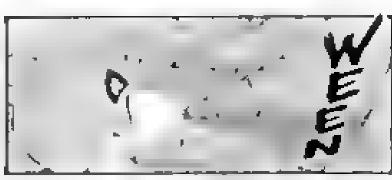










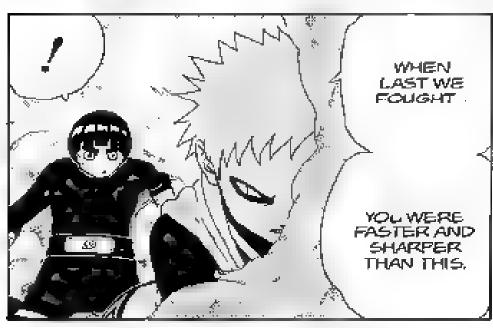


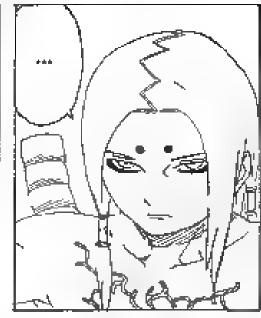








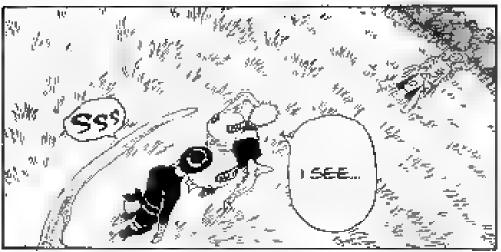


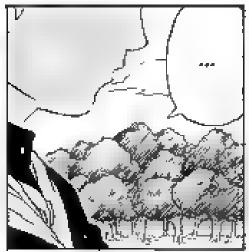






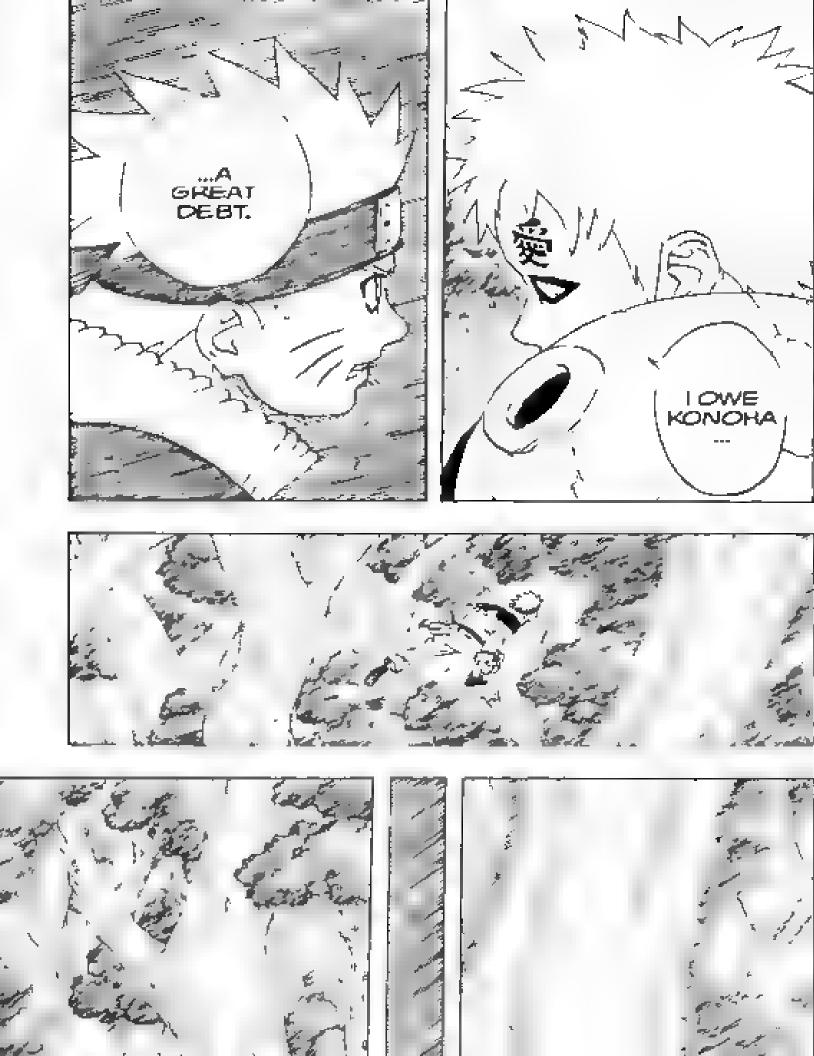




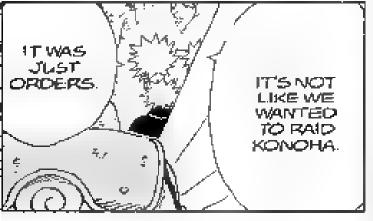




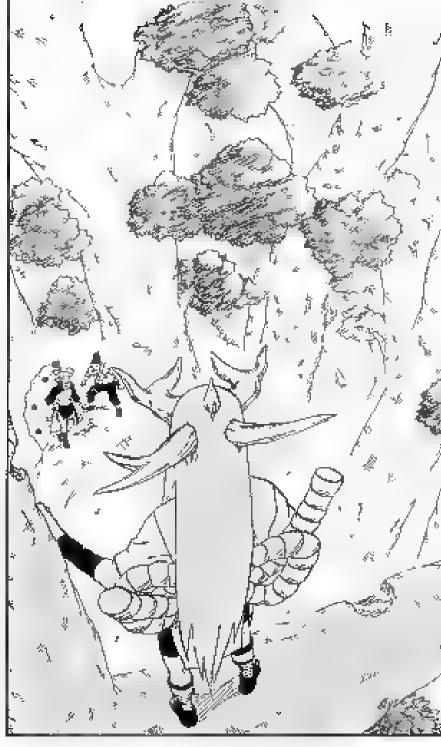






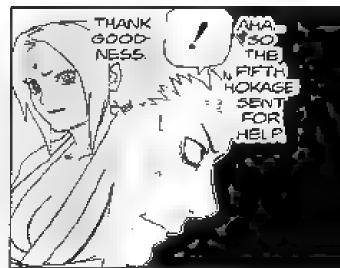






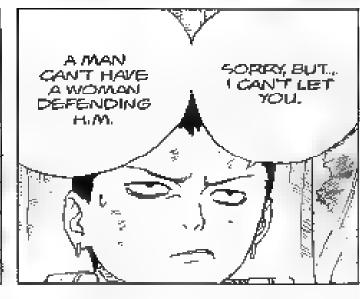


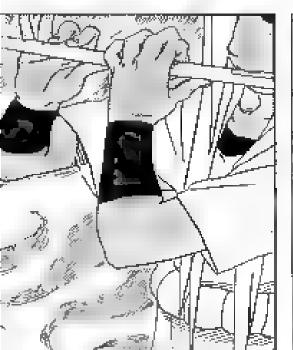










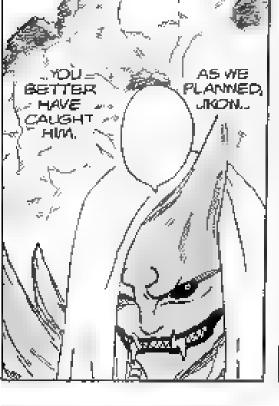




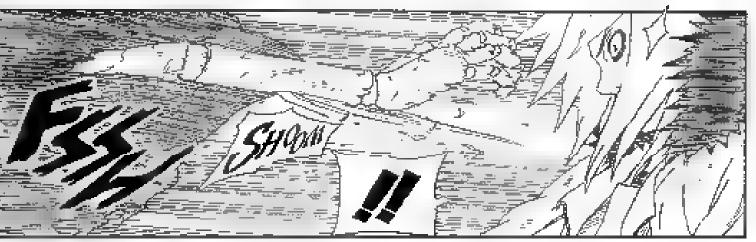




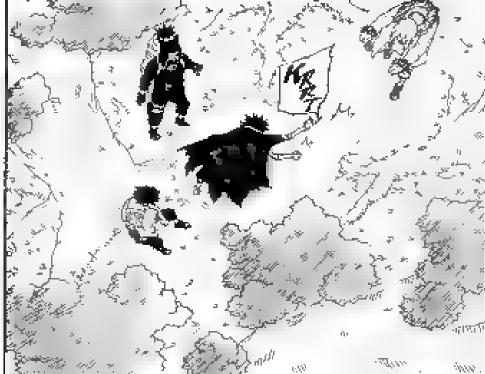














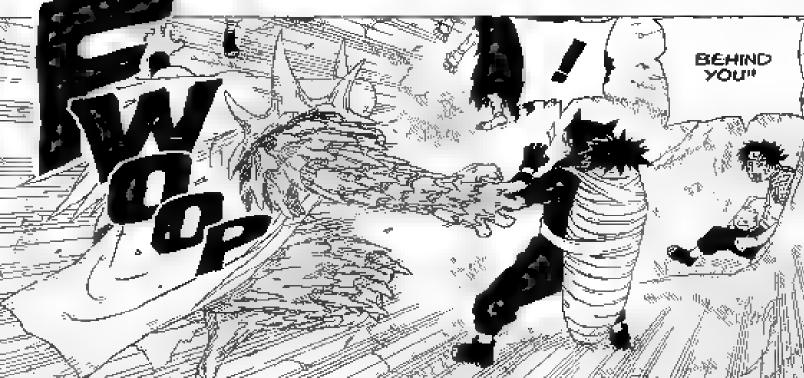














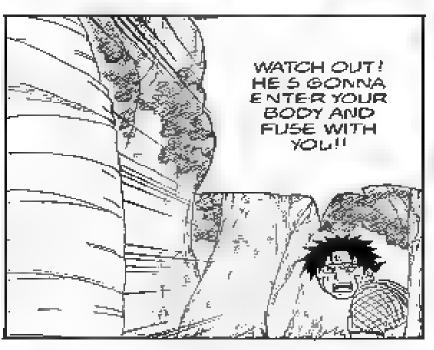












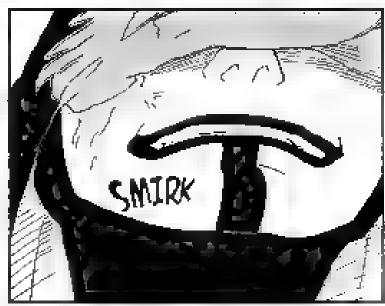




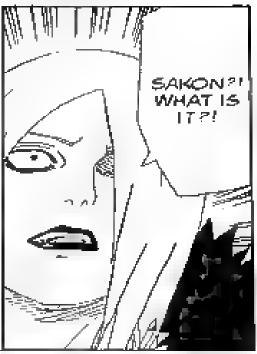






















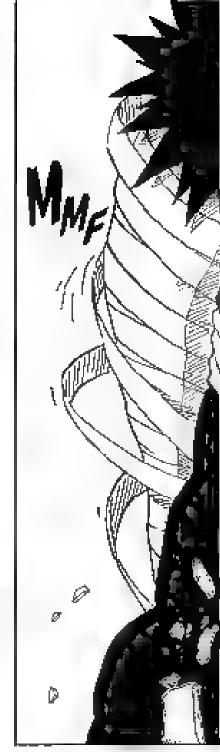








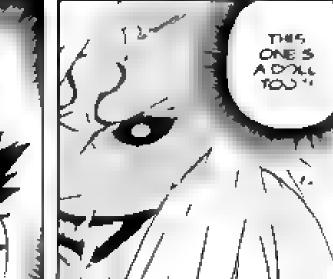














## THE WORLD OF KISHIMOTO MASASHI PERSONAL HISTORY.

THE TOO-EMBARRASSING-TO-WRITE-ABOUT STORY, PART 3

THE MORE I ADD TO THIS PERSONAL HISTORY, THE MORE
MISERY I REL VE FROM MY EMBARRASSING PAST. I ASK MYSELF
WHETHER I ONLY DREDGE JP ALL THESE STUPID MEMORIES
OUT OF A COMPULSION TO FILL IN THE PAGES BETWEEN
CHAPTERS, YET STILL I PERSIST, WELL, AT LEAST YOU CAN
NEVER SAY I HELD BACK ON YOU AS AN ENTERTAINER.

THE THINGS IM ABOUT TO DISCLOSE MAY GET A LITTLE.
INTENSE FOR SOME READERS STILL, HERE WE GO

THIS INCIDENT IS WEDGED IN MY BRAIN... IT WAS BACK IN KINDERGARTEN, THE DAY OF THE "POTATO DIGGING TOURNAMENT" THAT AUTUMN, THAT DAY, IN THE MIDST OF HARVESTING SEASON, JUST FOR THAT EVENT, OUR SCHOOL INVITED OUR FAMILIES TO JOIN US. KIDS, PARENTS, TEACHERS, ALL OF US GOT TOGE THER TO HARVEST THE SWEET POTATOES WE'D PLANTED AT A NEARBY FARM. IN THE COUNTRYSIDE, YOU SEE, KINDERGARTENS HOLD THESE HEARTWARMING COMMUNITY FUNCTIONS, INTENDED TO BRING KIDS, PARENTS AND TEACHERS CLOSER TOGETHER.

I WAS DIGGING AWAY IN HIGH SP RITS, TELLING MYSELF "I'LL FIND THE BIGGEST POTATO OF ALL, AND SURPRISE EVERY-BODY!" AND THEN THERE IT WAS, A MONOLITH AMONGST POTATOES. IN MY DELIGHT, I STARTED DIGGING LIKE A STARVING MAN. MIND YOU, FOR ALL MY HASTE I WAS CAREFUL NOT TO BREAK THE ROOT. AND THEN THERE I WAS, CLUTCHING A GUNT POTATO.

IN UNISON, EVERYBODY SCREAMED: "WOW!!" AND "THAT'S HUGE!" AND SO ON, I WAS IN ANOTHER WORLD. SO THEN... I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID THIS, BUT I STARTED RUNNING AND ROLLING AROUND THE FIELD, GRASPING MY PRECIOUS POTATO. THEN THE THOUGHT HIT ME: "I GOTTA SHOW MOM THIS POTATO!" SO I GLANCED AROUND FOR HER AND REAL IZED SHE WASN'T THERE. SHE WAS ACTUALLY DOWN AT MY TWIN BROTHER'S PLOT. SEE, THE FARM WAS TERRACED, AND HIS PLOT WAS IN A FIELD BELOW. SO I PELTED STRAIGHT TOWARD HER, SPRINTING FROM FIELD TO FIELD, HOPPING DOWN THE TERRACES AND EVERYTHING.

AND THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED. I WAS IN SUCH A HURRY I WASN'T LOOKING, BUT IN THE LOWER FIELD, IN THE FIVE SQUARE METER AREA WHERE I WAS DUE TO LAND, WAS A HEAPING PILE OF A TYPICAL RURAL ARTIFACT...

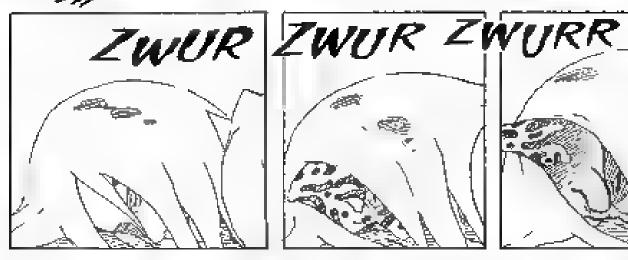
AS YOU MAY HAVE SURMISED, IT WAS, YES, A MOUNTAIN OF

















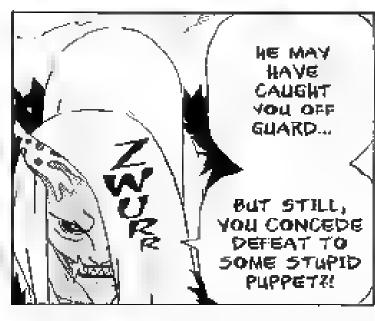




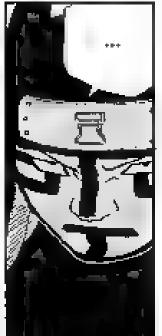








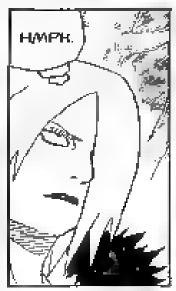




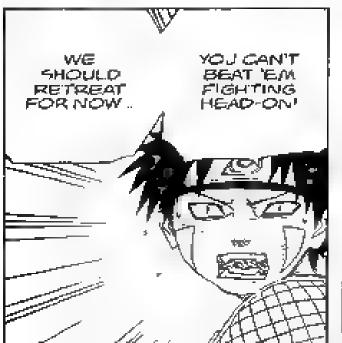










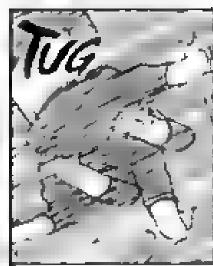








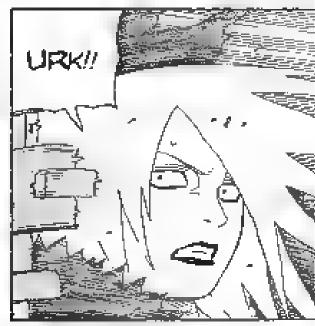






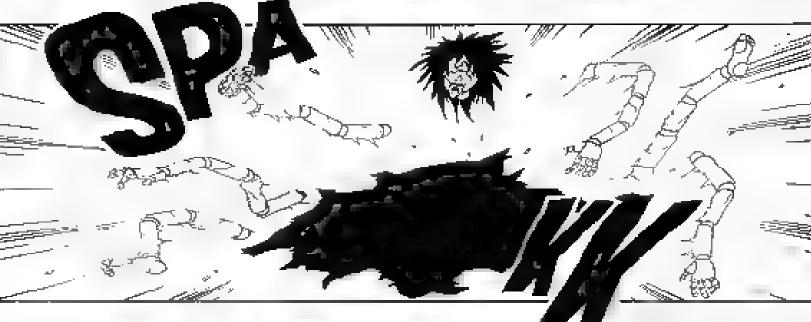










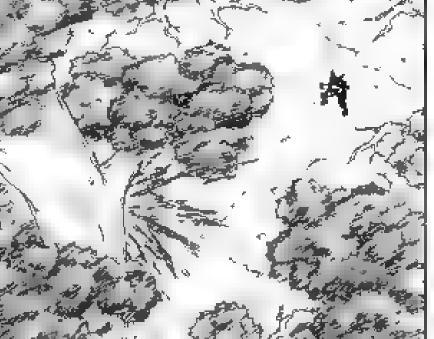










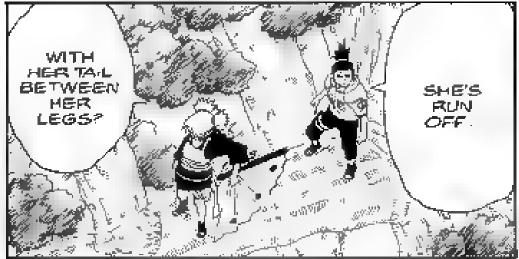


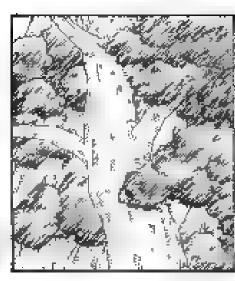


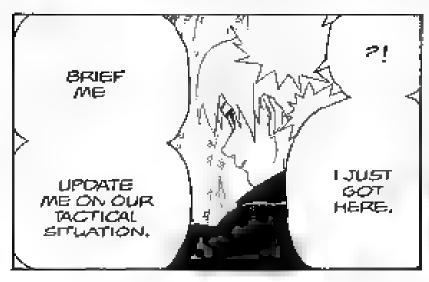
























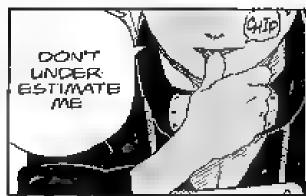
















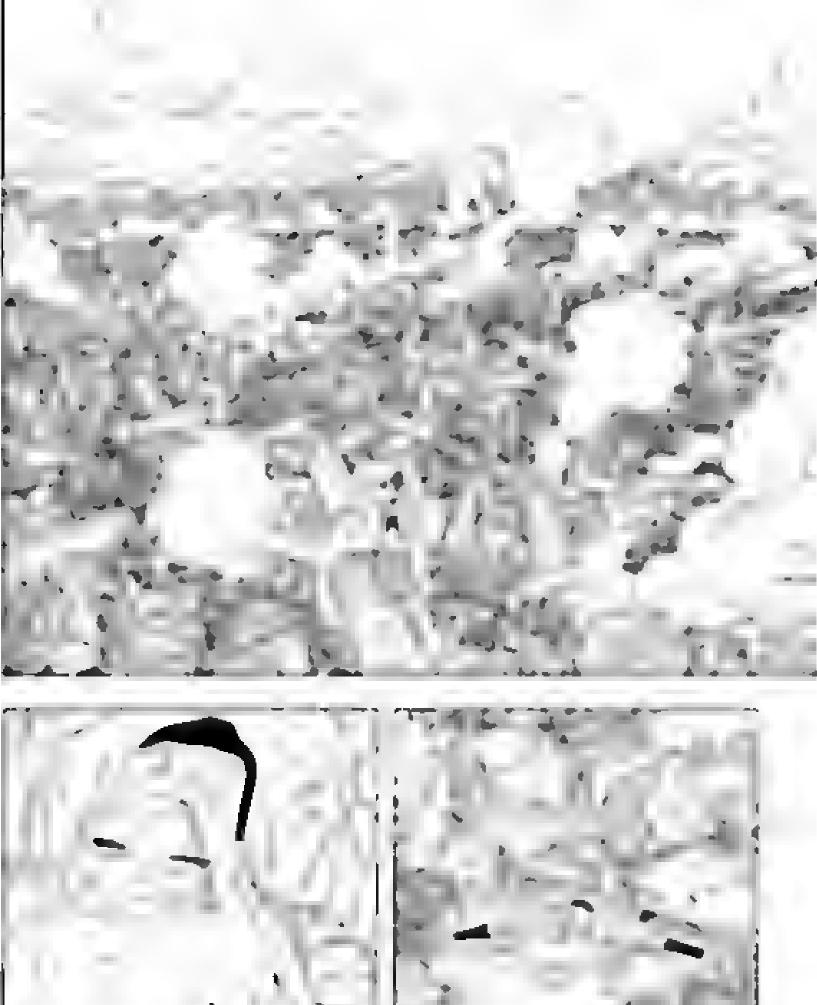




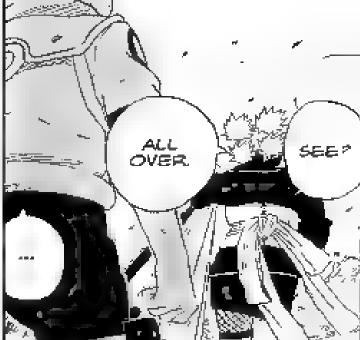


















THE WORLD OF KISHIMOTO MASASHI
PERSONAL HISTORY:

THE TOO-EMBARRASSING-TO-WRITE-ABOUT STORY, PART 4

THE IMAGE OF THAT SCENE IS ACID-ETCHED INTO MY MIND. I REMEMBER MY THOUGHTS, HOVERING THERE IN MIDAIR. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I LOST MY BALANCE? OH NO. DON'T LET ME FALL DOWN. THAT'S IT, FORGET THE LEGS. IF I JUST LAND WITH MY LPPER BODY STRAIGHT, LIKE A GYMNAST...

ANYWAY, NEVER MIND THE POTATO. I TOSSED IT ASIDE.

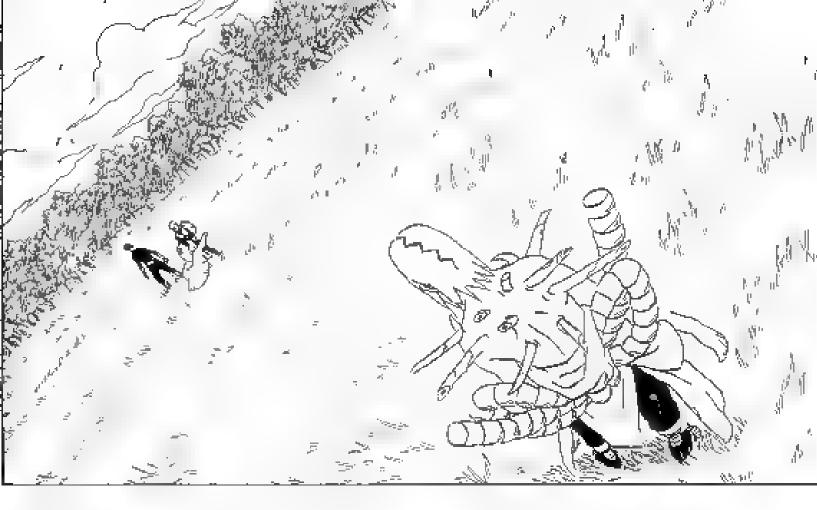
SQUELCH. IT HIT THE MOUND FIRST, HEARING THAT SOUND GAVE ME THE RESOLVE I NEEDED. SQUISH SMUSSH! BOTH MY LEGS, PLANTED IN THE DUNG! IT WAS DEEPER THAN I HAD ENV SIONED. BUT ACTUALLY, THAT WAS A GODSEND. CEMENTED KNEE-DEEP, I MANAGED TO MAINTAIN MY BALANCE.

INSTEAD OF SURPRISING EVERYBODY WITH MY PRIZE POTATO, I WOUND UP STIRRING THEM IN A DIFFERENT WAY.

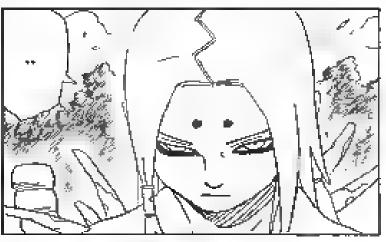
AND THEN CAME THE MISERY. I CALLED TO A NEARBY CLASSMATE FOR HELP. HE RAN TO THE NEAREST TEACHER,
SCREAM NG FULL BLAST: "MASASHI'S BURIED IN POO!" I'LL
NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED NEXT... THE TEACHER
REFUSED TO HELP ME. I GUESS SHE WAS AVERSE TO RURAL
ARTIFACTS. TO MY RELIEF AND HER CREDIT, MY MOTHER THEN
CAME TO THE RESCUE, LIFTING ME OUT OF MY PREDICAMENT
WITHOUT HESITATION. IN THAT MOMENT: LEARNED AWE FOR
THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.

TO THIS DAY WHEN A YAM CROSSES MY PATH, IT BRINGS ME BACK TO THAT EVENT, AND NOW THE MORAL (IN TWO PARTS): NO GOOD EVER COMES FROM BEING CAUGHT UP WITH THINGS; AND WHEN IT COMES TO IT, MOTHERS ARE BRAVE!







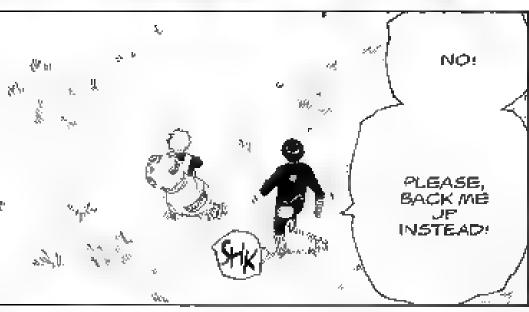




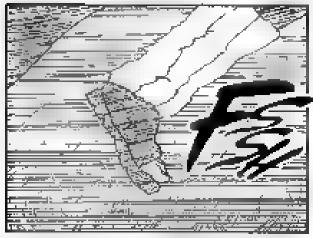




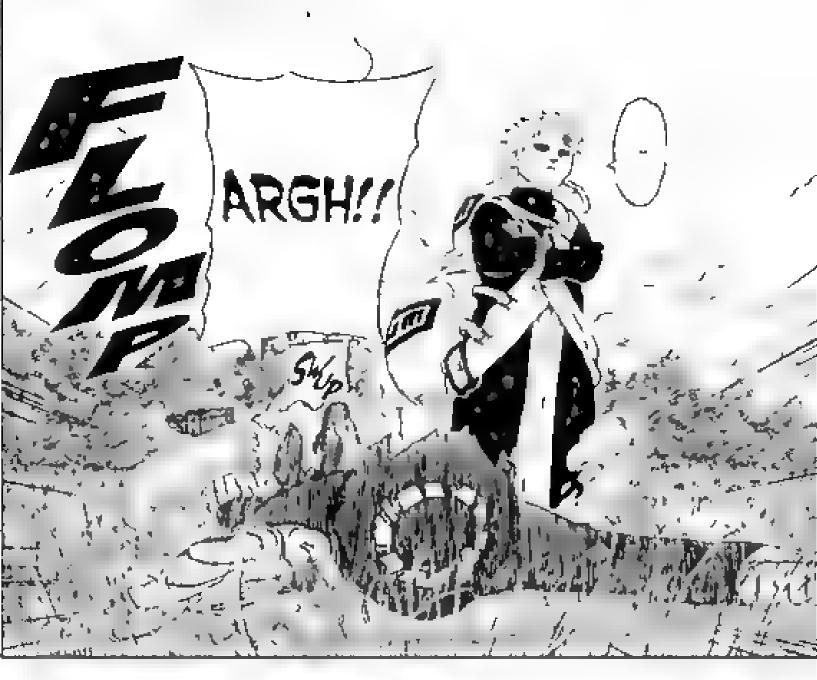
























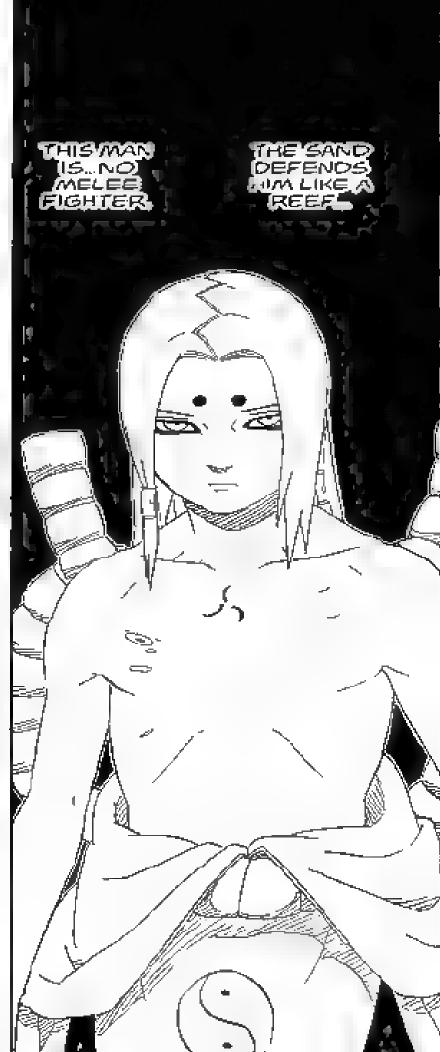








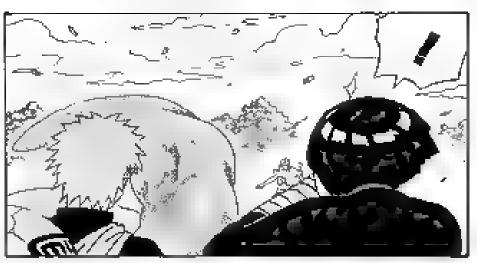


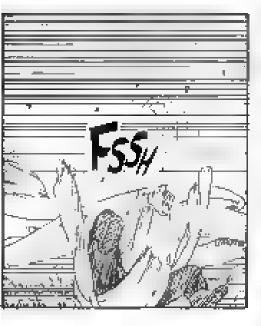


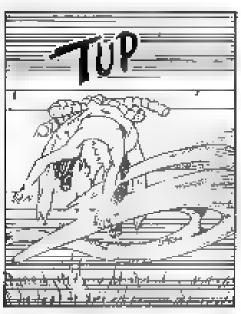












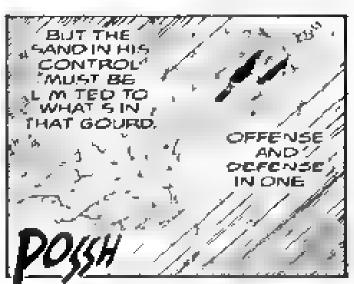






















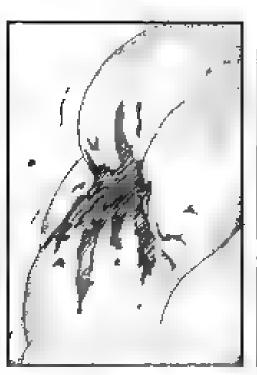




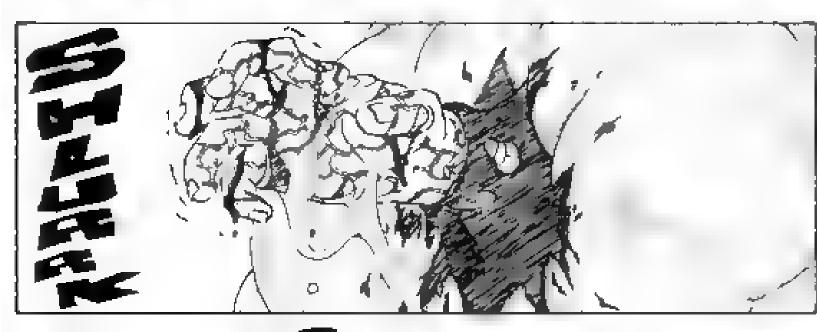


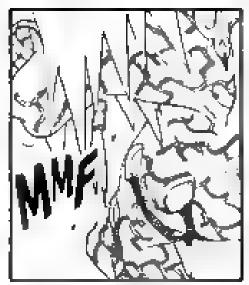




















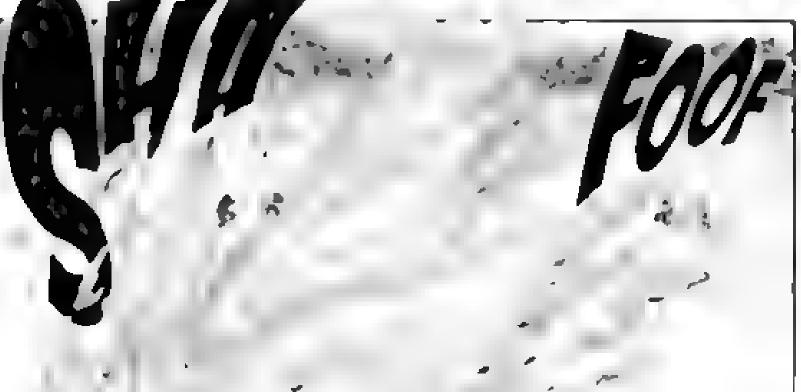




















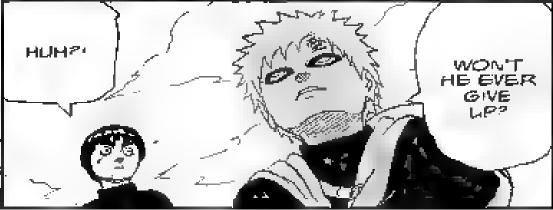


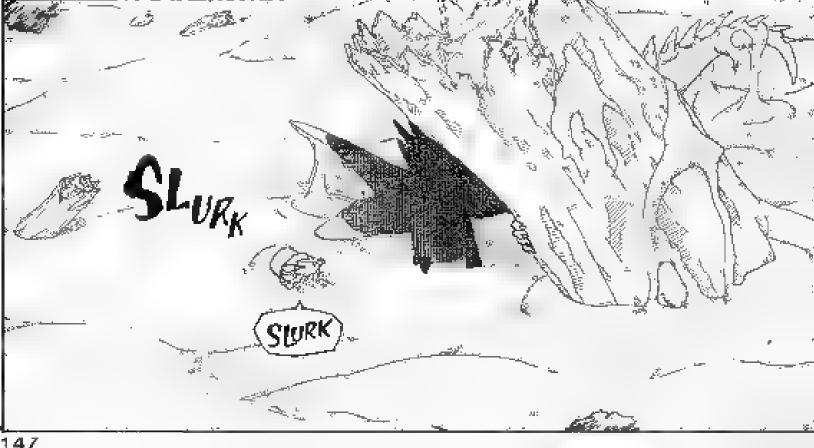
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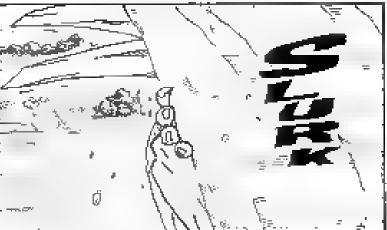














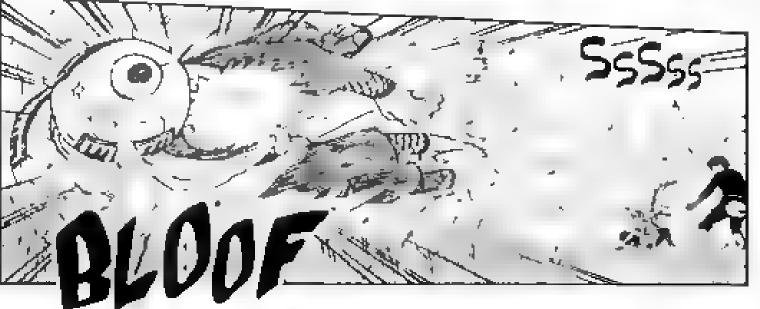








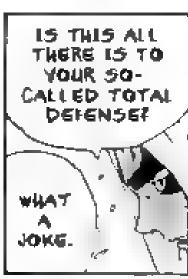








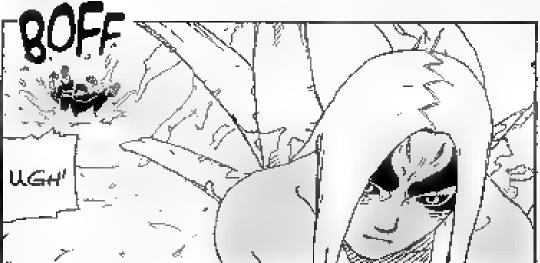








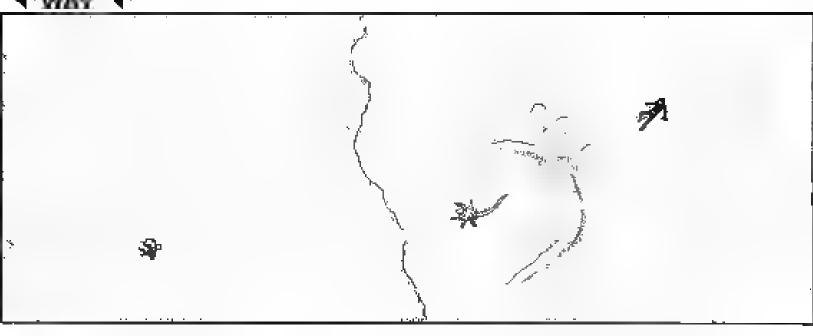






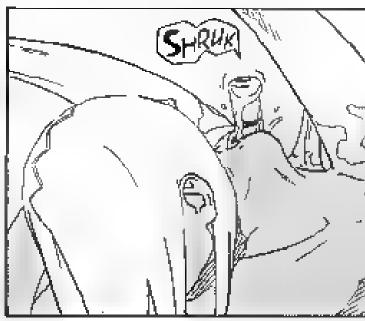


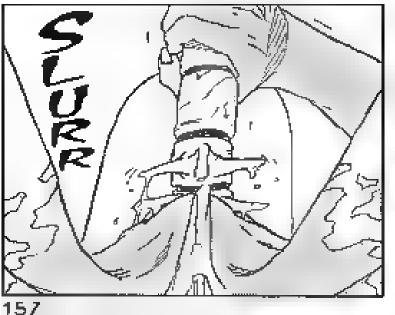




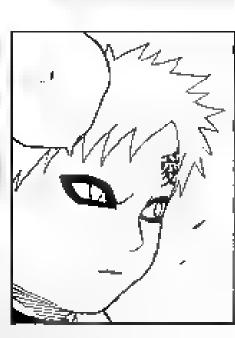












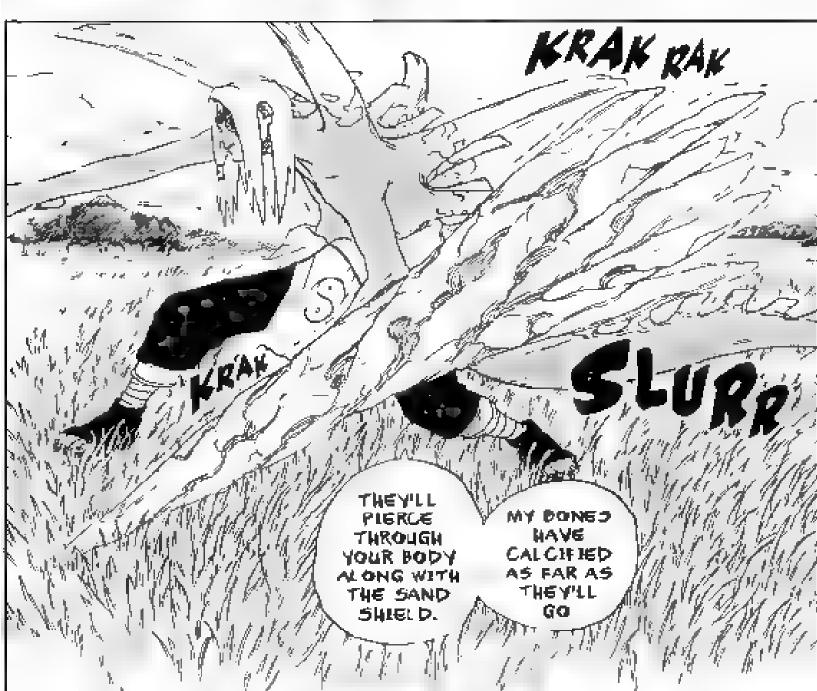




















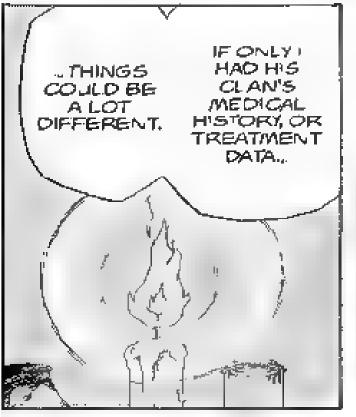






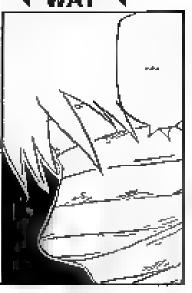






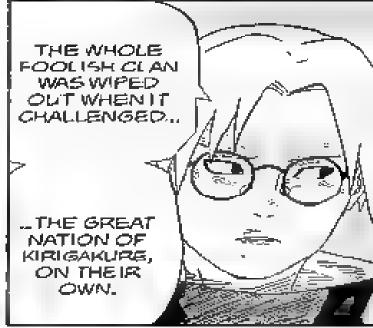




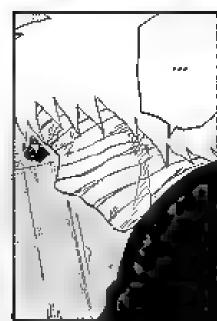




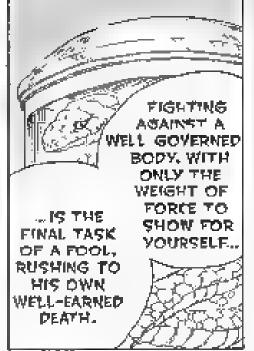


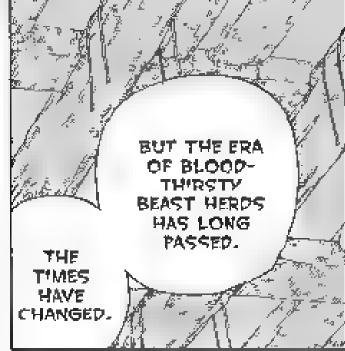


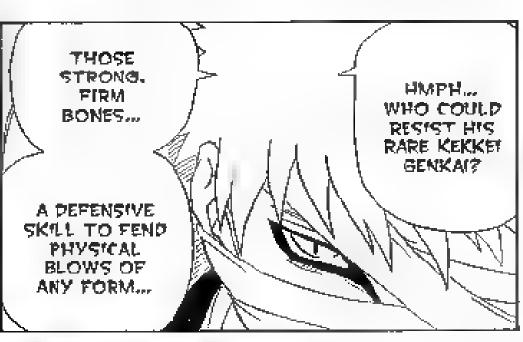




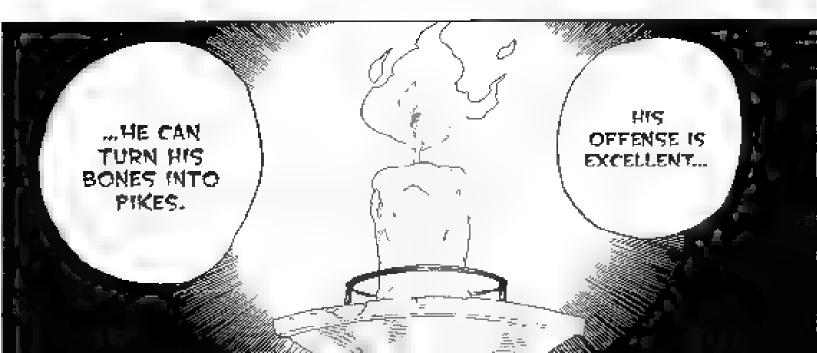


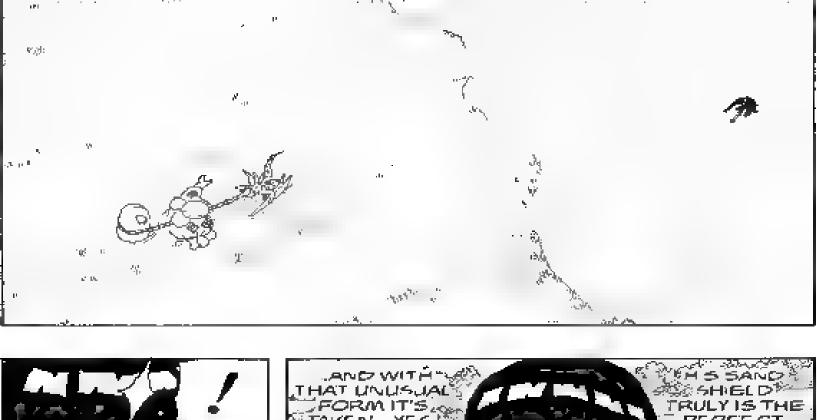






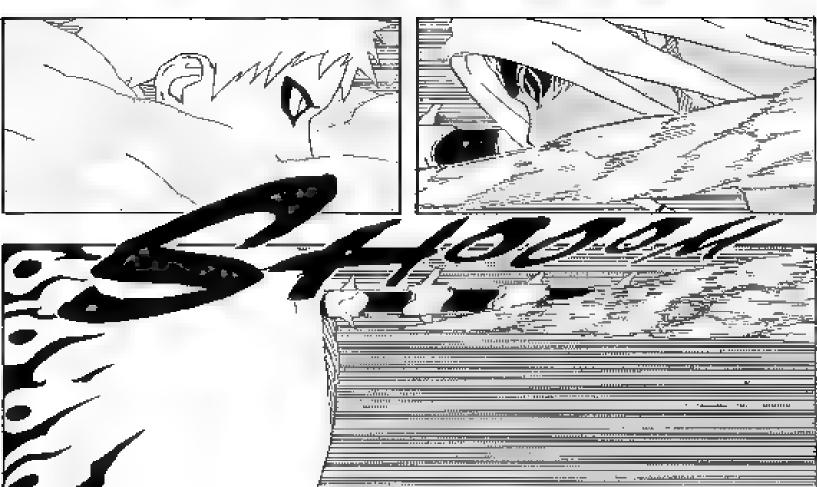




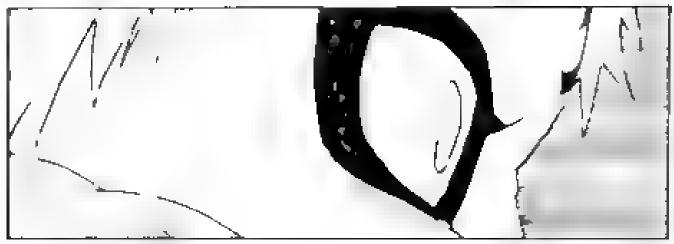




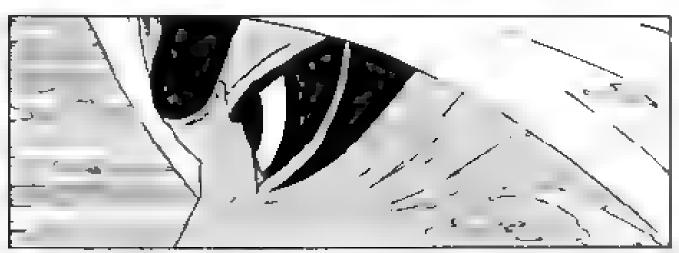










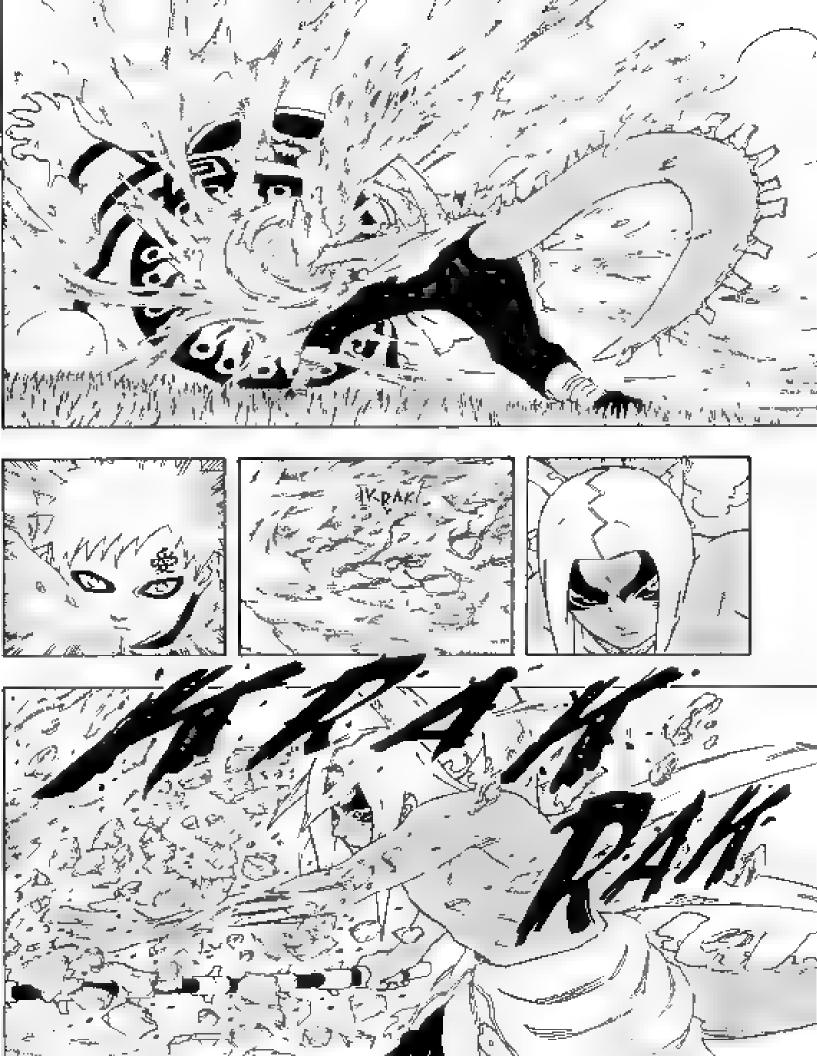


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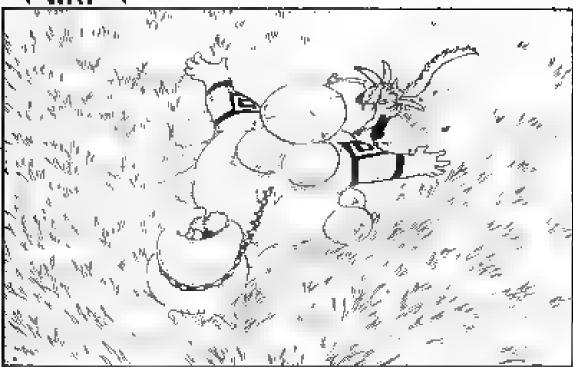
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For The Most Precious

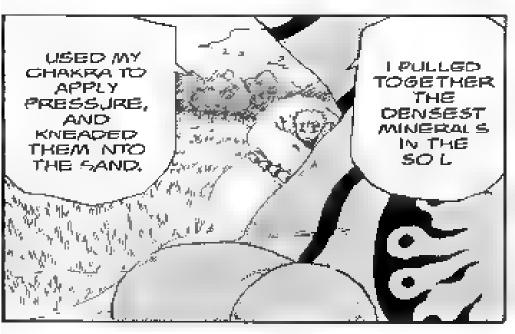












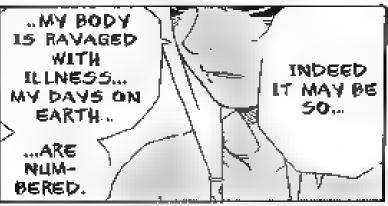




















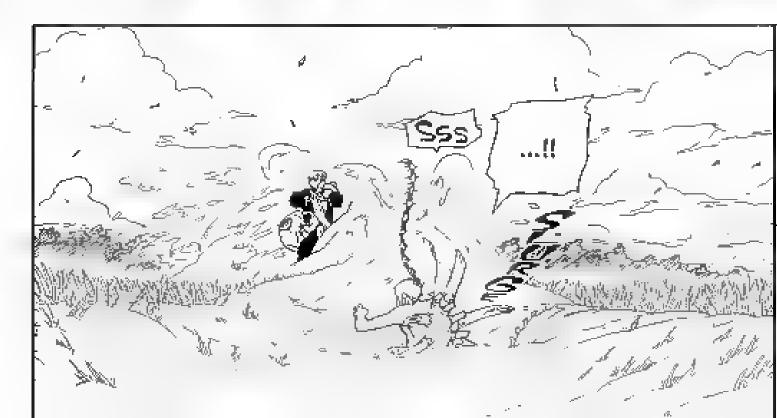


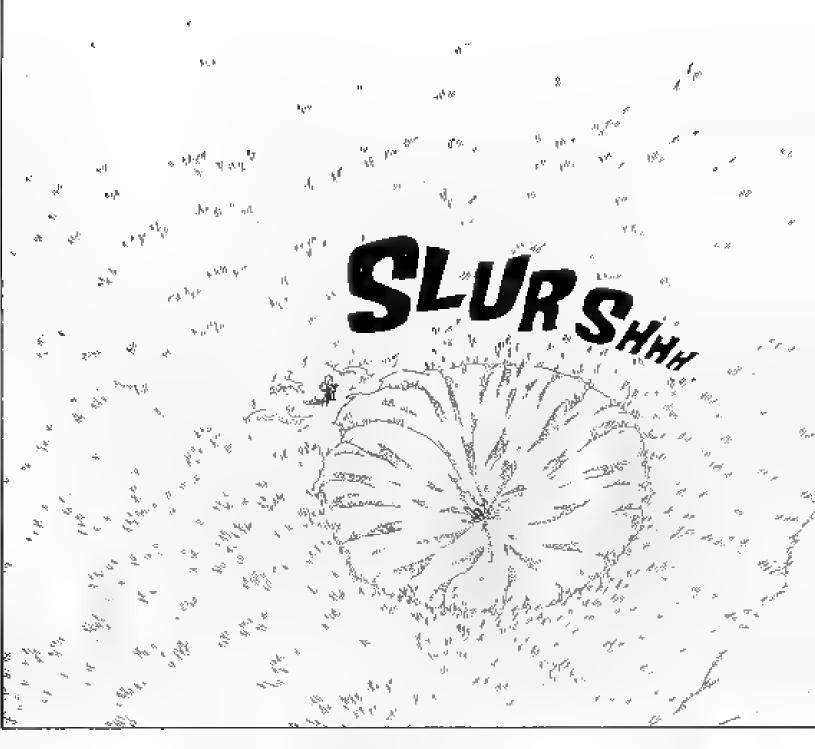


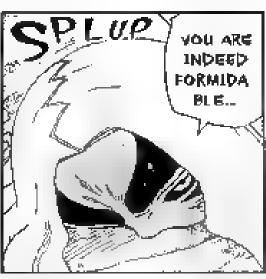


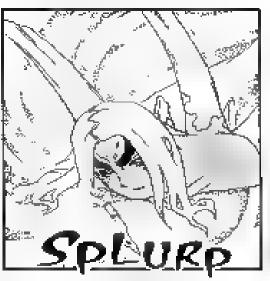






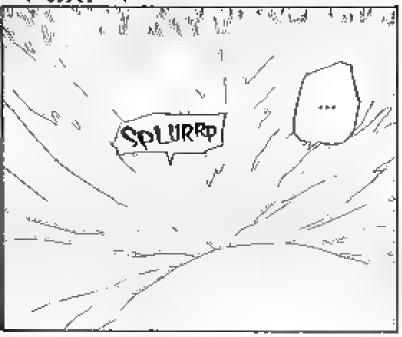


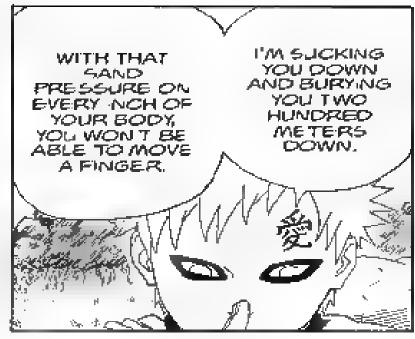




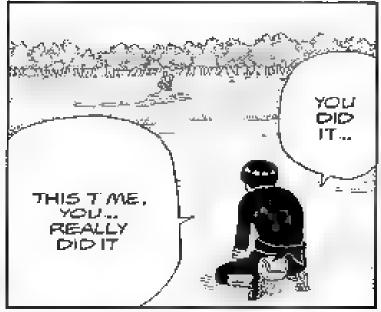




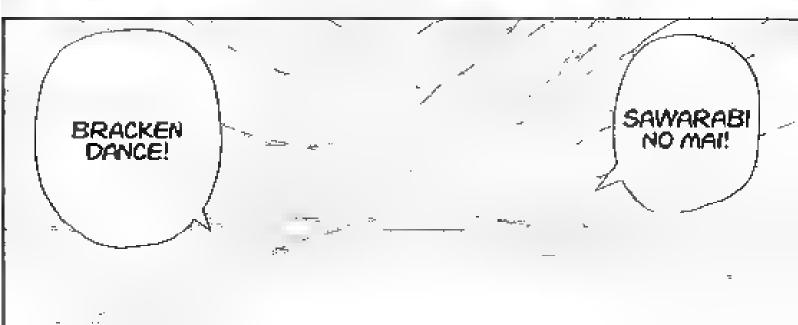












## PISPAK SPAK SPAK

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